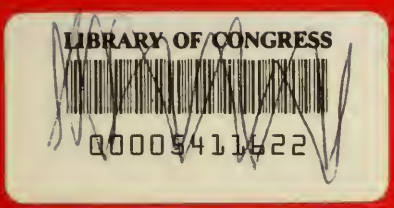

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0000541162 2

With "E" of the First Gas

BY

Sergeant William L. Langer

AND

Private Robert B. MacMullin

II5.D
9
.L5

Copyrighted 1919
By Robert B. MacMullin

MAY -3 1919

HOLTON PRINTING CO.
NINETY-NINE MYRTLE AVENUE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

©CI.A515423

"Thermite"
Burning Out a Bothersome Machine-gun Nest at Dawn

To the
Men of Company "E," First Gas Regiment,
in memory of their devoted
service in France

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

A Letter from General Fries 7

Foreword 9

Gassing the Boche 11

"The Gas and Flame" 25

With "E" of the First Gas—

Chapter I. En Route 26
" II. Training 34
" III. The Fight in the St. Mihiel Salient 41
" IV. The Struggle in the Argonne 52
" V. The Drive Towards Sedan 67
" VI. "Finie La Guerre" 77
" VII. Our Last Battle and Homeward Bound 87

Mud, Mud, Mud! 97

In Memoriam—Lieutenant John V. Fleming 101
" —Private Robert M. Mayne 102

Casualty List 103

The Roster 105

Autographs 112

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

THERMITE ---------- Frontispiece

CAPTAIN ROSCOE B. DAYTON, COMMANDING COMPANY "E" OF THE FIRST GAS ---------- 9

CROSS-SECTION OF A LEVINS PROJECTOR, DUG IN READY TO SHOOT ---------- 16

OUR CHIEF WEAPON OF OFFENSE ---------- 19

CHAUMONT ---------- 36

MAP—THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT ---------- 40

CARRYING PARTY ---------- 44

MAP—THE ARGONNE FOREST ---------- 51

VARENNES ---------- 56

MAP—"LA FILLE MORTE LINE" ---------- 58

OVER THE MEUSE AT VARENNES ---------- 62

THE GAP OF THE AIRE ---------- 66

SOMMERANCE ---------- 68

REMAINS OF A BOCHE TRENCH IN THE ARGONNE ---------- 74

CHOIGNES ON THE MARNE ---------- 84

COMPANY PICTURE ---------- 116

A LETTER FROM GENERAL FRIES

The following contents of a letter received from Brigadier General Fries, Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, is published to the Regiment:

"The war is over and apparently the work of the First Gas Regiment. If a few could be kept as Gas troops and trained as such with the Army, I would be willing to have you remain for a while in France; otherwise, I am making every effort to have the Gas troops sent promptly to the United States.

"At this time, I desire personally, and on behalf of the Chemical Warfare Service as a whole, to express to you and the officers and men of the First Gas Regiment under you, our pride and profound admiration of the work you have done. To take a new regiment and in a few short months teach it an entirely new method of warfare, known to few but the enemy, and so handle that work that the Chemical Warfare Service, as well as the regiment, became favorably known throughout an army of nearly 2,000,000 men, is an achievement of which any body of men may well be proud.

"Not only is the First Gas Regiment well known, but its work has been so excellent that demands for more Gas troops were constantly increasing in numbers and insistence. Everywhere the work has been spoken of as that of brave and able men, who feared no enemy and no hardships, and who stopped only when complete exhaustion overpowered them.

"Whether the Chemical Warfare Service will be continued in peace remains to be seen. That your work will always be remembered and that it will be the guiding star for such work in any future war, should, unfortunately, our country ever again have to enter upon one, is absolutely certain."

The Regimental Commander wishes to express his deep appreciation of the loyalty and unselfish devotion to duty of both officers and men, which made possible the results which prompted this letter.

B. J. Atkisson,
Colonel, First Gas Regiment.

Captain Roscoe B. Dayton
Commanding Company "E" of the First Gas

FOREWORD

Men of Company E, the serious purpose for which you came over seas, you have accomplished. The task of defeating Germany's famous army was not an easy one. It was your privilege to participate in the great American offensive, to engage in a new and dangerous method of fighting, and to actually inflict great loss upon the enemy. I am proud to be in command of such a superb body of men, who as a company showed great willingness and team work, and who individually proved themselves brave, worthy soldiers.

You and I are mighty glad that our fighting days are over. We are even more anxious now to muster out and shed our khaki uniforms. Then may your home-coming be a welcome one, and as you resume life where you left off, take with you my heartiest wishes for your happiness and prosperity.

CAPT. ROSCOE B. DAYTON,
Commanding Company "E,"
First Gas Regiment.

GASSING THE BOCHE

WARFARE has been revolutionized by the use of poisonous gases. To the destruction and mutilation wrought by high explosives, shrapnel, and machine guns; to the terrors of aerial bombardment and submarine torpedo, Germany has added the subtle horrors of burns, blindness, strangling and asphyxiation. For years previous to the War, Ostwald and her other great chemists experimented with and devised new gases of lethal potency for the purpose of insuring the defeat of Germany's enemies and to bring about her domination in world politics, commerce, and science. With the use of gas new international disputes arose as to the right and wrong of the thing; but after all, international law seems to operate successfully only in time of peace. All's fair in war. So, without discussing the ethics of the matter at all, we merely wish to show how the tables were turned against the very perpetrator of the act. And it is with no little pride that we exhibit the most specialized, highly scientific fighting organization in the Allied Armies, The First Gas Regiment, Chemical Warfare Service.

The Germans let the cat out of the bag, so to speak, at Ypres in 1915, where the Canadians had brilliantly stemmed the oncoming tide of Teutons. Suddenly vast clouds of chlorine gas, released from cylinders, rolled over the lines, killing scores of helpless soldiers, and paralyzing the entire sector. Evidently the Germans did not realize the effectiveness of the attack, for they did

not follow it up with infantry operations at all. Still, for several months following she accounted for huge casualties in the British Army. In a remarkably quick time, however, our chemists devised a sure protection against not only chlorine, but any other gas the Boche might possibly use. Every soldier was then provided with a gas mask, which was worn as a sort of fetish around the neck, ready at all times. Gas defense became an established fact, and its perfection is a familiar story to all.

In a short time, also, English chemists connived to retaliate with gas. The Royal Engineers took up the work; and because of better prevailing wind conditions, actually outdid the Germans in cloud attacks. Then a new phase of the game appeared—shell gas fired by the artillery. No longer did the Germans have to wait for proper winds, nor fool with cumbersome cylinders in the trenches. With gas stored conveniently miles behind the lines, they could now gas any particular spot behind the Allied lines. Blue, green, and yellow cross shell became the dread of working parties and motor lorries hitherto safe from gas. But not for long. The game of checkers proceeded. English and French artillery busied themselves, and by 1918 actually were throwing back three gas shells for every one that came over.

The English did the Germans one better still. They invented the Levins projectors, by which thousands of shells could be shot simultaneously, producing such a high contraction over so large an area, that the results were terrible and irresistable. They brought out the use of the Stokes trench mortar for cleaning out machine gun nests with gas and liquid fire The Germans, of course, copied these methods, but were not nearly as successful in putting them into operation.

In the matter of gas itself, the English demonstrated their superiority. The Germans used chlorine, phosgene,

diphosgene, chlorpicrin, diphenylchlorarsine (sneezing powder), and dichlorethylsulfid (mustard), all of which proved impotent against the respirator box. The English used similar chemicals, but much more lethal and concentrated. The "P. S." gas, for instance, will easily penetrate the German "maulkorb," or "jaw-basket" mask. Thermite, the spray of molten iron, has never been duplicated by the Boche.

So that was the situation into which we stepped with our entrance into the war. Let not all the credit, however, be given to the English. It is true that we appropriated the methods tried by the Royal Engineers at the start, as a basis to work upon. Then the brainiest and most able chemists of America organized the Chemical Research Division of the Army, and set to work improving old methods, inventing new ones all the while. With the theory that the war would be a long one, it became obvious that chemical warfare was worthy of a separate organization in the Army, ranking the Engineers. Accordingly, the Gas defense, Chemical Division, and the 30th Engineers were all combined into the Chemical Warfare Service, with Brigadier General Fries as Chief. The combatant troops became known as the First Gas Regiment, Colonel Atkisson commanding. We went into action as early as February, 1918, on the Flanders front, at Armentières. Under capable English instruction we soon learned "how the Royal Engineers did it," and co-operated with them successfully throughout the spring, and later at Chateau Thierry.

So far the battle line had been more or less stationary—at least a matter of trench warfare, in which grenading, sapping, and well-planned gas shows played an important part. By September the great American Army was in a position to launch an offensive all of its own on the Champagne and Lorraine fronts. Ever since the battle of Saint Mihiel, trenches have been almost

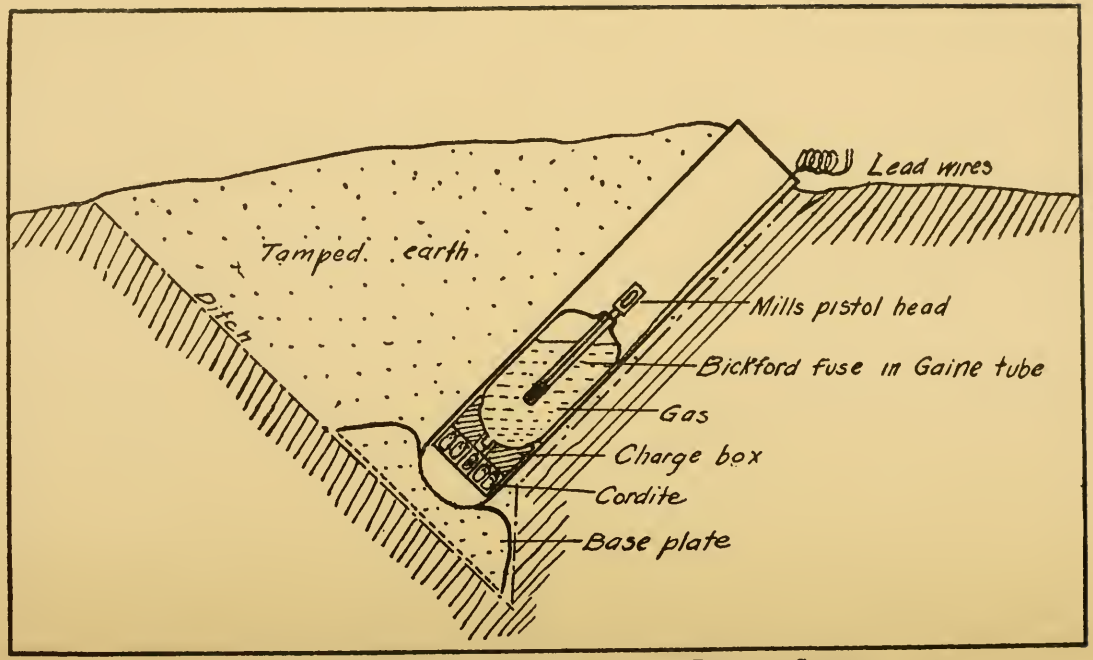
obsolete; the line advanced so rapidly that indeed there was no time to construct the elaborate trench systems so popular with the French and Germans. So the Gas Regiment was called upon to do unprecedented service; and it evolved a style of fighting distinctly original and strategic.

Before giving an account of "how the Yanks did it," a review of our ordnance and organization is appropriate. In the early days it was proposed that a "flame-throwing" regiment be formed, for the purpose of cleaning out enemy dugouts and trenches during an infantry advance. Benzol, a light inflammable oil, is carried in a two-gallon cylinder strapped to the back of the operator. Attached is a small cylinder of compressed air, by which the oil is forced out through a hose and nozzle, in a long, thin stream. A range of possibly sixty feet can be obtained, necessitating a close-order form of combat, to say the least. The spray is ignited at the nozzle, and becomes a blazing jet of flame. The extreme danger in operating the apparatus is apparent, to say nothing of the wonderful target offered to enemy snipers. So the Flame Regiment was abandoned. The Germans themselves discontinued their corresponding corps, and I believe none but the daredevil Italian "Arditos" used "flame" with any success.

The original and principal purpose of the regiment was to use gas. Should the occasion warrant it, we were prepared to make cloud attacks by the following improved method. Cylinders containing about forty pounds of the liquified gas are brought up in trucks as near the line as possible, and then carried by the men to the position in No Man's Land. The valves on the cylinders are arranged so that they may be opened by a small percussion cap, which is detonated by an electric current from an exploder box. A battery of ten cylinders is wired in series, the leads running to the rear at

a safe distance. At zero hour, a single man can thus let loose the whole battery by merely pushing down on the plunger of the exploder. The liquid comes sputtering out of the valves with a great hissing noise, evaporating into heavy clouds which are borne by the gentle wind over the enemies' lines. The noise itself is unmistakble and warns Fritz in plenty of time for him to adjust his mask. The wind should be blowing from four to twelve miles per hour in the right direction, but Nature is apt to disregard the metereological criteria at the critical moment, and render the attack unfavorable. Cloud gas, therefore, was seldom, if ever used by the Americans.

Gas projector shows were very prominent in the Spring of 1918. Let us see with the aid of the accompanying diagram, what the Levins Projectors look like. They resemble great iron test tubes, four and a half feet long with an eight-inch smooth bore, weighing some one hundred and forty pounds each. Their maximum range is but seventeen hundreds yards, so it is necessary to operate in No Man's and as in the case of the cylinders. A battery of twenty are implanted in a ditch dug for the purpose, resting on iron base plates which take up the recoil. The guns are lined up with the objective, set at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the muzzles just level with the surface, and are held in place with tamped earth. Then charge boxes containing the propellant of cordite and the detonating fuse are thrust into the projectors, the two wires leading out of the muzzles. The size of the charge, by the way, is adjusted to give the proper range to the projectiles. The battery is wired up in series, the main lead wires running back a hundred meters or so to the exploder box, hidden in a place of safety. The bombs themselves are shaped somewhat like real fat cigars, the thirty pounds of gas being loaded from one end in a liquified state, and the bursting charge and fuse being placed in a "Gaine" tube inserted in the



Cross-section of Levins Projector Dug in Ready to Shoot

other end. The bombs, on being fitted out with Mills pistol heads, are lowered into the projectors, and the circuit tested for leaks. All is ready. All men withdraw except those who operate the exploders. At zero hour, when the various batteries are set off, the following events take place: the dynamo in the exploder generates the current which fuses simultaneously the tiny platinum wires in each charge box; these ignite the percussion caps, which detonate the cordite which sends the shells hortling on their way. The initial shock releases the inertia pellet in the Mills pistol head, which sets the Bickford fuse agoing in each bomb. At the end of twenty seconds, by which time the bomb has soared and landed at the predetermined range, the time fuse has reached an explosive cap in the interior; and thus the iron shell is ripped open, releasing the liquid poison, which immediately vaporizes. All this happens in a much shorter time than it takes to tell it. Now imagine hundreds of these batteries being set off at once, and you can see what a dreadful barrage must result. Whole areas are drenched with gas which no mortal can escape.

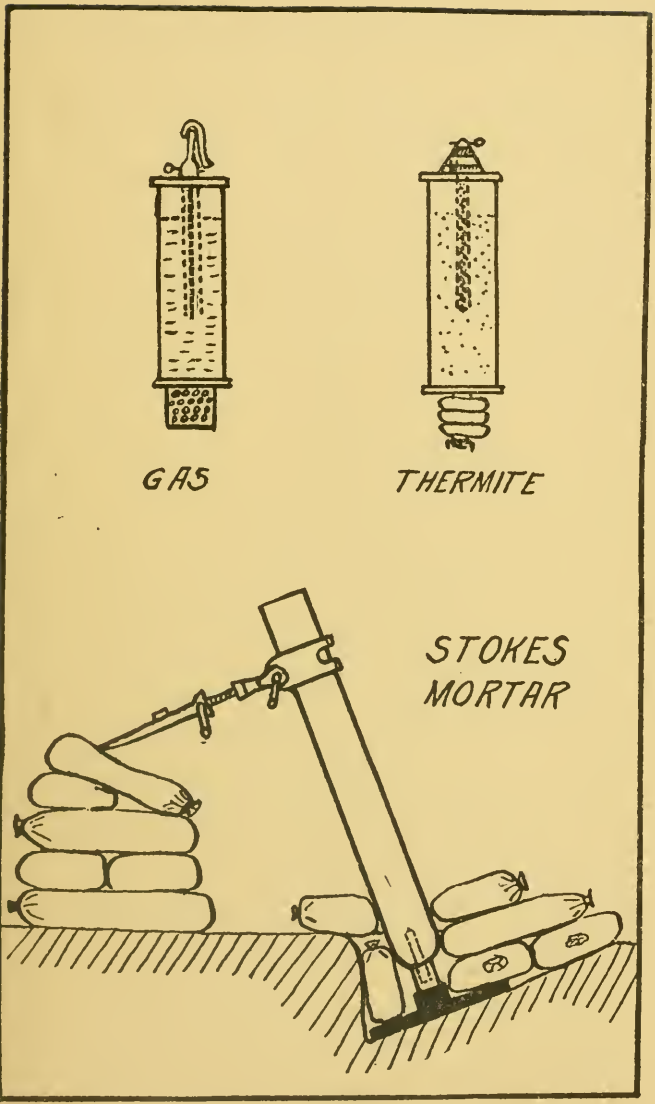
Of course, the Levins method was good only on a stationary front, for a big show required several nights of steady work in advance. And it used to be no easy matter for a man in the carrying party to shoulder a hundred and forty pound projector, in addition to his rifle, pack, gas mask, and helmet, and to stagger for several miles perhaps in a muddy trench in absolute silence and darkness; to stop dead as a Vérey light soared over his head, or drop when a machine gun started popping. There was real downright drudgery and pathos in a carrying party of the First Gas, yet our men worked uncomplainingly throughout. War was ninety-nine per cent hard labor.

Still another use to which projectors were recently put was the shooting of T.N.T. in place of gas. On the

night of September 26, near Varennes, one of our parties sent over a ton or more of this high explosive in one dose, and completely annihilated Hill 285. Another time bombs were filled with thermite, and the fuses shortened to secure an air burst. Several batteries were trained against a town held by the enemy; not only were the fireworks phenomenally spectacular, but they set the entire town afire! It burned for several days. These feats, of course, were novelties. The fact is that during the American drive very few projector shows were attempted, the companies most generally being organized into Stokes Mortar outfits.

That brings us to the use of the trench mortar which, because of its lightness, its portability, and the great variety of effects possible with it, came to be our chief weapon of offense. Briefly, it consists of a four-inch smooth-bore barrel, four feet long, weighing some ninety-six pounds; an iron base plate to take up the recoil weighing sixty pounds; and a bipod by which the gun is elevated and traversed, of some thirty-six pounds weight. The other adjuncts consist of sandbags, a ramrod, a kit of tools, and a pick and shovel. Five men can just handle the apparatus, and therefore there are that many men on each gun team. To set up the gun, elevation and azimuth (direction) being given, the base plate is lined up and imbedded in the ground at a slope of ninety degrees minus the angle of elevation, and held secure by sandbags. The barrel is then set at right angles to the base plate, and is supported by the bipod, the plane of whose legs is parallel to the base plate. The final adjustments are made with the inclinometer and the prismatic compass, to secure accuracy of fire.

Now the barrel is always elevated around fifty-five to seventy degrees, so that a projectile inserted at the muzzle will slide easily to the breech. That is the special feature of the Stokes mortar; it is not a breech loading



Our Chief Weapon of Offense—the Four-inch Stokes Mortar, and Bombs

piece, like a cannon, but muzzle loading, awkward as it may seem. At the breech there is a striking pin which explodes the propellant in the bomb the instant it slides to the bottom. So one has but to feed the gun with bombs, which go "tooping" into the air in rapid fire. As many as twenty-five shots to the minute is about the record firing speed.

There are a variety of Stokes bombs—one for every desired purpose. In general, they are steel cylinders resembling rolling pins, about fourteen inches long, having a total weight of twenty-six to thirty pounds. In particular, they may classified into two types: those which burst after landing, and those which are timed to burst at a certain height off the ground. The first class include all gas shells, which are cast solid to preclude the danger of leakage. In the forward end a well extends to the interior, and in it is inserted a Bickford twenty-second time fuse; a Mills pistol head is then screwed into the opening. As in the case on the Levins projectiles, the purpose of this arrangement is to cause the shell to be ripped open gently on the ground, allowing the gas to seep out as a liquid. A violent explosion, or an air burst, would dissipate the gas and render it harmless. Hence the familiar sound of the gas shell: a dull "phlop," resembling a dud. On the rear end of the bomb is attached a container for the propellant of E. C. 3 powder, which is put up in the form of several "biscuits." The range of the Stokes projectile can be varied by the number of these biscuits as well as by elevating the barrel of the gun.

The other type of bomb includes both the smoke and the thermite shells. In the forward end is inserted a Gaine tube and a No. 31 time fuse. The latter is set to explode the powder in the tube when the bomb reaches the critical point in the trajectory. The propellant takes the form of several "doughnuts" of cordite, which slip

around a container and a cartridge used to detonate them.

With that basis to start upon, let us see how the various chemicals are used in practice. Suppose the infantry is about to advance under heavy machine gun fire. Several Stokes gun teams would then produce a smoke screen across the German trenches to obscure the movements of our troops. The smoke bomb contains white phosphorous, and is timed to explode just as it hits the ground. Dense gray clouds of smoke are liberated, which, though harmless, have a bewildering effect on those caught in it.

Or it is sometimes possible to fool Fritz with our so-called "skunk" gas, an evil smelling formyl compound. This gas is absolutely harmless, though very disagreeable. The enemy, thinking it to be the "real stuff," will put on his mask, while our infantry advance with perfect freedom and fight to inestimable advantage.

If it is desired to make the enemy wear his mask for long periods of time, lachrymatory gases are used, such as bromacetone, and the so-called "S. K." gas. While not deadly, unless in heavy concentration, these weeping gases will produce great suffering; and because they linger in every nook and corner, even in the clothes, for a considerable length of time, a high concentration is not necessary. One shot a minute will do the trick.

For actually gassing the Boche, there is nothing so good as the "P. S." bomb, a mixture of eighty per cent. chlorpicrin and twenty per cent stannous chloride. And, of course, phosgene and diphosgene are used considerably because of their extreme deadliness. However, in this case, we must take Fritz by surprise—gas him before he has time to put his mask on at all. To accomplish this we fire forty or more rounds of shell in rapid succession from each gun, thus producing a terrific local concentration of gas. Phosgene does not linger such as

the lachrymatory gases do, but volatilizes very quickly. For that reason it is possible to pull off a gas show just before our infantry go over, and in no way endanger our own men. Of course, the wind conditions must be considered first, and the company meteorologist decides whether the gas show will be effective. Sometimes the wind will become unfavorable before zero hour; this spells "washout," and a lot of wasted energy for all concerned.

More than any other kind of shell, we shot the famous thermite. It is a mixture of powdered aluminum and ferric oxide, which on ignition reacts chemically with the liberation of intense heat. The iron reduced in the reaction is heated to a molten state, and falls thus, a shower of "liquid fire."

It is possible to shoot T. N. T. from our four-inch Stokes, but in general we left that to the regular three-inch Stokes outfits attached to the infantry, who make a specialty of that sort of thing.

That sums up pretty well our ordnance—what we had to work with in the game of war. The distinctive "Yankee" style which I have mentioned before, was brought forth by the continual American advances. "You gave us no rest," one Hun prisoner put it. A full company was found to be too large a unit to be effective, so the entire regiment was split up into platoons and spread fan-like across the entire American front. Some were projector outfits, but for the most part the platoons were organized into four Stokes teams and a carrying party.

Let us simulate an offensive typical of those in the Argonne. The usual procedure, preparatory to a big drive, was for the platoon to move up to some town within shelling distance of the lines and to establish an ammunition dump there. The bombs and equipment were prepared by day and carried up to the lines under cover

of darkness. The objectives were given us by the infantry commanders—probable impedimenta and snags in the advance; our own gun positions were then selected accordingly. Firstly, they had to be within maximum range; secondly, advantage had to be taken of all natural cover, such as woods, hills, trenches, holes, and so on. Careful preparations would be made, and several nights be spent in carrying up an abundance of ammunition with which to follow up.

The stage would now be set. The "heavies" and the "seventy-fives" would open up at about two or three in the morning. At four we would pull off our gas show, phosgene. At five the infantry would go over behind our smoke screen and through our skunk gas. As the Boche machine gunners opened up, we would wipe them out with thermite. Pill boxes would be smashed with T. N. T. from a battery of projectors. The drive would be on.

With the second wave we would take down our guns, and load them onto pushcarts. Burros brought up from the rear would "carry on " with the excess ammunition. We would follow up the infantry as fast as we could, and if they were held up at any point we would go there immediately. In the Argonne Forests we were bothered by myriads of snipers and machine gun nests, rarely encountering any infantry. Therefore, selecting a central dump, usually old German dugouts or pioneer parks, we would operate from there day and night, striking first here then there, wherever resistance was greatest. Supplies under those conditions could generally be brought up by truck from the main dump almost to the lines, and whenever an important objective was reached, such as a village or captured town, the entire headquarters would move up. And so on, till the infantry simply had to wait for the artillery to catch up. In a few days the whole program would repeat itself as before.

Our work is now at an end, and only the memory remains. From the historical account of our adventures it is noteworthy that since we went into action on September 8th and continued up to the time the Armistice was signed, Company E of the First Gas was continually on the lines, save for a single respite of one week. We pursued the retreating Hun like Nemeses, harrassing, destroying, and killing off his last stubborn rearguard. If we gave him no rest, neither did we rest ourselves. Now, our ordnance has already become antiquated. New mortars, guns, and gas methods will be invented for the future. Yet it is apparent, as General Fries has said, that the First Gas Regiment has played an integral and important part in the American and Allied victories; and from this there is every reason to believe that the Chemical Warfare Service will continue to exist and to maintain its high efficiency and reputation in the Army of the United States.

"The Gas and Flame"

Ain't it a shame, ye boys 'at came
At the call o' the trumpet ter fight the game
O' War an' Death in our country's name,
And joined the famous "Gas and Flame,"
Ter have ter sweat in Virginy's sun
A' wastin' time when the War ain't won,
While our pards is fightin' like sons-o'-guns
Across the Pond ter halt the Hun?

Talk o' blood an' iron, an' sniper's pie—
Why, the most we do is swat the fly,
An' bunk fatigue in a canvas sty
With a 'skito bar fer a lowly sky.
Now what the Hell in the summer time
Is the good uv an O. D. woolen blouse
That swathes yer up like a bloomin' louse
When the mercury's out fer a record climb?

An' three lectures a week on etiquette,
While strategy's not been thought uv yet;
An' buryin' the food yer haven't et,
A-starving the pigs an' the animal pets.
Oh, they's chlorine and phosgene and mustard oil,
But I guess it ain't accordin' ter Hoyle,
Fer the issuin' gas from the Colonel's post
Is what we have ter contend with most.

I guess it's enough ter make yer sore,
This naggin' an' raggin' an' laggin' some more,
An' drillin' a man till he's stale before
He gets his chance ter fight in the War.
Now if its true, as the officers claim,
That ter-morrer's the day the "Gas an' Flame"
Pack up fer France,—why ain't it a shame
It's *always* ter-morrer,—an' who's ter blame?

FORT MYER, VA. PVT. ROBERT BURNS MACMULLIN.

WITH "E" OF THE FIRST GAS

CHAPTER I.

EN ROUTE

As THE years pass by it will become increasingly difficult for men to understand or appreciate the feelings that dominated the hearts and souls of American troops still in the home land during the spring of 1918, while the newspapers were occupied with chronicling almost in the same breath the last gigantic offensives of the enemy and the first brilliant successes of the more fortunate boys who were already in France. Whatever may have been the forebodings and fears of the pessimistic or faint-hearted, it is certain that in our company enthusiasm ran high; impatience is the word that characterizes the spirit of the men. And it is natural that it should have been so, for two companies of the regiment (at that time still known as the 30th Engineers, "Gas and Flame") had left on Christmas Day, 1917, while the end of February had seen the departure of the next two. It seemed reasonable to expect, then, that Companies E and F should follow them shortly, especially since "Early Service Overseas" was the catch-phrase that had drawn the recruits from every corner of the Union. But day after day passed in infantry drill on the hot and baking drill ground at Fort Myer, and hearts sank deeper and deeper as rumor after rumor proved to be false. We

finally decided that ours was a jinx company. No one could explain the situation. In May began the record-breaking transportation of troops overseas; but we did not go. We were anxious to fight, but they taught us only ceremonies and etiquette. "Gas and Flame" was the alluring name of our prospective work, but they trained us only in "Squads East" and "Squads West." Surely something must be wrong, and soon that whole company of red-blooded young Americans was resigning itself in despair to the gloomy prospect of indefinite drill, guard duty, innumerable inspections—and fatigue.

But the end was not yet, nor was the future to be less eventful than we might have hoped. It was just about the middle of June that the order for our departure finally arrived. From that time on things moved quickly. Equipment was brought up to date, barracks bags were packed, arrangements for shipment completed,—everything in perfect regulation, so faultless that anything from personal appearance to baggage would have caused the proverbial Hoyle unspeakable delight. The preparations continued unmarred by any disappointments until on Friday, the 21st, after a delicious banquet, we struck tents, slung packs, and set out on our first move, which, like so many of its successors, was carried out in a drizzling, disagreeable rain. Not even inclement weather, however, could dampen our enthusiasm, and it was a cheerful, hopeful lot that caroused in the railroad coaches until weariness succumbed to sleep.

The next morning found us in the terminal at Jersey City, and it was not so very long before we were ferried up the river to Hoboken. There we lost a little more of our patience while standing in innumerable lines with heavy packs on our shoulders, until finally we boarded the transport. At last things seemed to be going our

way, for early the next morning (I remember it was clear and warm) the ship slipped out of the dock and dropped down the harbor to Sandy Hook, where a large convoy gradually assembled. Even the most skeptical had to admit that we were under way at last.

But our jinx was still with us, as we soon agreed when the convoy began to steam off while we returned. It seemed incredible, and yet it was true. We docked in the same place from which we had sailed and all the explanation we could get was one to the effect that the refrigerating plant on the ship had broken down and that it might take two weeks to repair it. The prospect was gloomier than ever, and we were all conjuring up pictures of two weeks' confinement in our uncomfortable quarters when, on Monday morning, we hurriedly disembarked, marched through Hoboken and entrained for Camp Merritt, New Jersey.

We were destined to spend only five days on land, however, and although without exception we were dejected and indignant with Fortune, there were but few who later on would not agree that our stay was pleasant. The splendid opportunities for entertainment, the beautiful weather and the passes to New York City which fell to the lot of the more diplomatic among us, these all served to make our sojourn a sort of farewell festivity. In fact many regretted having to leave, when, very early in the morning of June 28th (Friday) we set out on a long night hike, tramping with heavy packs some eight miles to the river. It was a cold, misty morning, and, unaccustomed as we were to any real hardship, we did not relish the trip very much. Being packed like sardines on a ferry boat and taken to Hoboken again did not improve our ill-humor either. In fact the boys did not regain their spirits until we were once again lodged on the U. S. S. President Grant and until we had lined our stomachs with an ample meal.

But this time we sailed, and the Sunday morning that we steamed down the harbor will ever be vivid in the memory of each and every one of us. The weather was all one could wish for, one of those warm, sunny June days that make the whole world look gay and the future promising. Add to this the ferry boats full of cheering holiday crowds, the fresh green of the water and the trim harbor islands rising up to meet a perfect sky, then you will understand that none of us waved the Statue of Liberty good-bye without fully expecting to see it again. As before the ship anchored off Sandy Hook, so that in the evening we had ample opportunity to see in the distance the sparkle and glitter of the harbor resorts. None of us were anxious to go below, for, as ill-luck would have it, we had been assigned to the third deck down, the memorable section 4-D, where the surroundings were anything but attractive. Who is there among us that does not recall the narrow aisles, the inadequate lighting, the triple bunks, the bad odors, the endless mess line, the lack of matches, the salt water for washing, the countless guards, and the never-to-be-forgotten "You can't stand here, you can't stay there!" Life on an army transport is certainly not all that could be desired, and every one of us was quite contented if, with a book and a greasy mess-kit we could find some out-of-the-way corner to sit down and keep quiet. Unfortunately, such spots were rarer than hens' teeth, and wherever one went one seemed to be in the way. Oh, there were plenty of inconveniences and discomforts, all right, even if one omits speaking of those life-boat drills that came just when they were most annoying. Sometimes even now when my bones ache I think that the ailment must date from those bargain-counter rushes for the rafts.

But the trip had its redeeming features, too. For many of the western boys the ocean was a new element,

and they benefitted from the influence of the keen salt air, the endless expanse of restlessly rolling blue water, the splendid sky. Perhaps the most impressive experience of all, however, was the sight of that tremendous convoy plowing its way ever on and on, carrying some 90,000 troops more for the Kaiser to reckon with. The weather was clear and pleasant throughout the entire voyage, especially so on the 4th of July, when, at twelve o'clock noon the Stars and Stripes ran up to every masthead while the leading cruiser thundered forth its salute and the bands played. I was never so filled with pride as when I watched all those ships nosing up the spray and churning their way to the land whither duty and the call of adventure summoned us.

We did not encounter any submarines, though on one rather rough day the cruiser belched forth a few times at some suspicious object, probably a whale. Moreover, the trip was growing tedious as the tenth day passed. The considerable variations in the temperature make it reasonable to suppose that we crossed the ocean in zig-zag fashion, going north possibly as far as the latitude of Iceland, and south to that of the Azores. We had no way of knowing how much longer this procedure would continue. Still signs of the approaching end gradually multiplied; there were life-boat drills at 2:00 and 3:00 A. M. that lasted till daylight, and more destroyers finally arrived, making possible a regular patrol around the convoy. After that we all began looking for land, for some time, however, in vain. It was not until the late afternoon of a cool drizzly day, Friday, July 12th, that we first sighted land in the shape of some rock-bound islands. These gradually increased in size and number, until at last we found ourselves steaming into a rather narrow, river-like bay, the shores, bleak and rocky, reminding one irresistibly of the old New England coast.

So this was France, and in those few dimly-lit cottages they spoke French, and that large captive balloon was for military purposes! For the first time we realized the proximity of war, and for the first time our chances of getting to the front seemed good. We went to bed late that night, but few of us slept. Some were worried about rumors of having to stay on board for a week to do stevedore work, others were too excited about being in France to care about anything else. The next morning dawned fair and warm and for once, though it was the 13th, luck was with us. In the early hours we were taken off the ship and ferried to the wharf in a lighter. From the moment we landed we realized that it was a country quite different from our own on which we had set foot. At first sight everything seemed antiquated; there were those little old locomotives that, with the date 1840 or 1850, we remembered having seen in school books; there were the narrow, crooked streets lined with quaint, uncomfortable-looking stone houses; there were the wooden-shod inhabitants that spoke a language strange even to those of us who thought they knew a bit of French.

The question as to where we were going was soon solved, when, after a hike of some miles, we found ourselves marching into a prison-like enclosure surrounded by a twenty-foot stone wall. Within we discovered a number of low, long buildings, in one of which we were soon lodged, some in very frail and uncomfortable bunks, some on the floor. It was a new experience and everyone took it with a smile, even that ice-cold shower bath under a pipe from which the water came drop by drop. The place seemed exceedingly old, so that we were not surprised to find out that these Pontanezan Barracks had been already old at the time when Napoleon I, over a hundred years ago, was training troops for the invasion of Britain.

Our stay in Brest was short, and while we were there time passed rather pleasantly in the Y. M. C. A. or at the canteens, where we had our first opportunity to play with French money and to pay the exorbitant charges that are prevalent in France. The weather had turned cold and rainy again; in fact it was ideal for the movements of the 30th Engineers. Consequently we started out on Monday, the 15th, and marched back to the docks, where we entrained. All of us were anxious to get into those "dinky" little coupés. No one had any faith in them, and our mistrust was not decreased when, on a slight grade, one of the couplings broke. The rear end of the train, which began to return to Brest, threatened to collide with some other cars, so we all jumped off, landing unharmed, though in ludicrous postures. We were soon again under way, however, trying to get settled comfortably in the narrow little compartments, which were made to hold eight men, eight packs, and ample rations of the kind we now know so well, corned beef or "Willy," tomatoes and bread.

At first we were delighted with the trip, for the scenery was wonderful. We found France a veritable garden land. The rock-bound coasts, the sandy beaches, and later the soft hills, the clear-cut fields of waving wheat or the trim vegetable patches, the groups of red-tiled stone houses, the canals and the white roads, both lined with fabulous lines of splendid trees, all these are memories inerradicably impressed on our minds. Remarkable as it may seem, all the days of our trip were characterized by fair weather, so that we got the maximum of enjoyment from the four-day ride that took us from Brest via Rennes, Laval, Le Mans, Chartres, Sens, and Troyes to Chaumont. Not infrequently we stopped for some time in the larger places, so that we had a chance to see, at a distance to be sure, such notable

sights as, for instance, the famous cathedral at Chartres. But the tediousness of the riding and the lack of sleep combined with the startling news from the Chateau Thierry front, where the Boche was preparing his thrust toward Epernay, made us impatient to reach our destination.

It was early on the morning of the 18th (the day on which the Americans successfully counter-attacked at Chateau Thierry) that we pulled into Chaumont, and that, once again in a drizzling rain, we set out to cover the five miles up hill and down, past the experimental field, to La Ville aux Bois. Everyone was stiff and cramped from the long railroad ride, so that the way seemed particularly long. But even so, I believe not a few of us were struck by the remarkable beauty of the landscape, for the surroundings of Chaumont, with its wooded hills, green meadows, and the winding Marne Canal are eminently picturesque. Moreover, we soon regained our spirits when the kitchen of "Q" Company had feasted us with hot cakes and coffee. Tired as we were, it did not take long for us to make ourselves comfortable in the barns and hay-lofts which, during the period of our training, were to be our homes.

CHAPTER II.

TRAINING

EXCEPTING for the fortunate few who found diversion in the occasional society of some fair French demoiselle the period of our training was rather a distasteful one. We had come to France practically ignorant of the nature of our work and were quite anxious to do something besides infantry drill. Our desires were at first fulfilled, at least after a fashion, for it was not long before we were at the experimental field digging trenches. Some of us had taken part in this great outdoor sport in the States, and had found it *not particularly* to our liking. But there we had dug in earth, here we were required to chisel in solid stone, and we found it *decidedly not* to our liking. Still, someone wanted the trenches to blow up, and so they were finally finished. Then, by way of offering us something new to occupy our attention, a complete schedule appeared, announcing a succession of close-order drills. We entered upon these with all the enthusiasm that could have been expected, and felt more than relieved when, towards the end of July, new arrangements came into effect.

From that time on we were kept busy, too busy, in fact, for comfort. The work consisted of drill in various branches of our service, ranging all the way from thorough gas-mask training to practice in projector, trench-mortar and even cylinder methods. The com-

pany, divided into four platoons, spent most of the time on the projectors, with which the first four companies had made their reputation. Only one platoon specialized in Stokes Mortar work, the possibilities of which were only at that time being revealed by the companies then in action on the rapidly moving front between Soissons and Rheims. Up to that time the American front had been practically stationary, and it was, of course, impossible to predict how long it would remain so. At any rate, it is to be regretted that more time was not spent on the Stokes, since that was to be our weapon *par excellence* on the line. None of us, however, were in any way harmed by the work of the strenuous hot days in August during which we dug projector batteries into the rocky soil, nor shall we forget those evenings when the call for assembly took us away from a letter home or interrupted a show in the Y. M. C. A. tent. It wouldn't have been so bad, we decided, if only it were the real thing. And that was really what made the work so irksome. In the States we were burning to get to France, in the S. O. S. we were even more eager to get to the front. How could it be otherwise? The dispatch riders and truck drivers came back with the most thrilling stories and most desirable souvenirs, while the newspapers brought daily reports of the wonderful exploits of our countrymen at Chateau Thierry. Under such conditions it was unseemly, we felt, to be spending time on the imitation thing, or to be strolling on the streets of Chaumont. We felt worse than rookies in the presence of the seasoned officers who were our instructors, and were more than anxious to see real action.

Meanwhile living conditions were almost better than could have been expected under the circumstances. We had guard duty frequently enough to keep us interested, and since the weather was hot throughout August, an

occasional swim in the Marne Canal or a pass to Chaumont was quite acceptable. In what few spare moments were left the more assiduous and conscientious wrote letters or inflicted their few words of broken French on the innocent inhabitants. Many of the boys showed themselves very adept in acquiring the "lingo" and before long they were able to say "oui," "bonjour," "beaucoup," "pas bon," "comment ça va?" "fini," "parti," "toute de suite," "vin rouge," "cognac," etc., though it must be admitted that these words and phrases were rarely pronounced either as they are spelled or as the rules of French Phonetics specify. They served their purpose, however, and caused great satisfaction and gratification to those who mastered them.

It was about the last week in August when the prospects of going to the front finally improved. The sergeants had been receiving interesting talks on such subject as billeting men and constructing gas-proof curtains on dugouts, and though in action they never had an opportunity to make use of the information imparted, the lectures at least served to raise our hopes of an early departure. Then, one bright, hot morning we were ordered to pack up and move. Everyone was excited and things went helter-skelter until we were finally lined up, equipped with heavy packs, gas-masks and steel helmets, in short, with enough paraphernalia to take us clear to Berlin. Proudlly we marched away, midst cheers and "bonne chance" of the inhabitants. Everything was "jake" till we reached the incinerator on the outskirts of the town. There we were led across a few open fields, and soon found ourselves once more in front of our billets in La Ville aux Bois. The practice departure had been a huge success!

We were not obliged to wait long, however, for the real departure. After a review of the battalion by Brigadier General Fries, held at the experimental field,

CHAUMONT
"A pass to Chaumont was quite acceptable"

the last preparations were completed, and in the small hours of the morning of August 29th we left our training camp to entrain in Chaumont. As is usual on such occasions it took quite a while to arrange the details of transportation. At last, however, we were packed, not into passenger coaches this time, but into the famous French box-cars with the significant inscription "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux." No one has ever decided whether this meant that the car was to accommodate forty men or eight horses, or forty men and eight horses. Suffice it to say that, with thirty-five men in a car, we were gasping for air like fishes out of water. But what did it matter, weren't we going to the front?

It was not quite a hundred kilometers from Chaumont to the town of Lagney, which was to be our destination, but what with the innumerable long stops, the inefficient switch system and the indirect route I think it is anything but surprising that it took us until night to make the trip. Our route took us through Neufchateau and Vaucouleurs. It was just north of this latter place that, while side-tracked at Pagny, we saw our first air battle, and I think as we watched the shrapnel burst high in the air, soft and white, like bits of cotton batting, many of us realized that the actual front would prove quite different from what even the most detailed descriptions had been leading us to suppose.

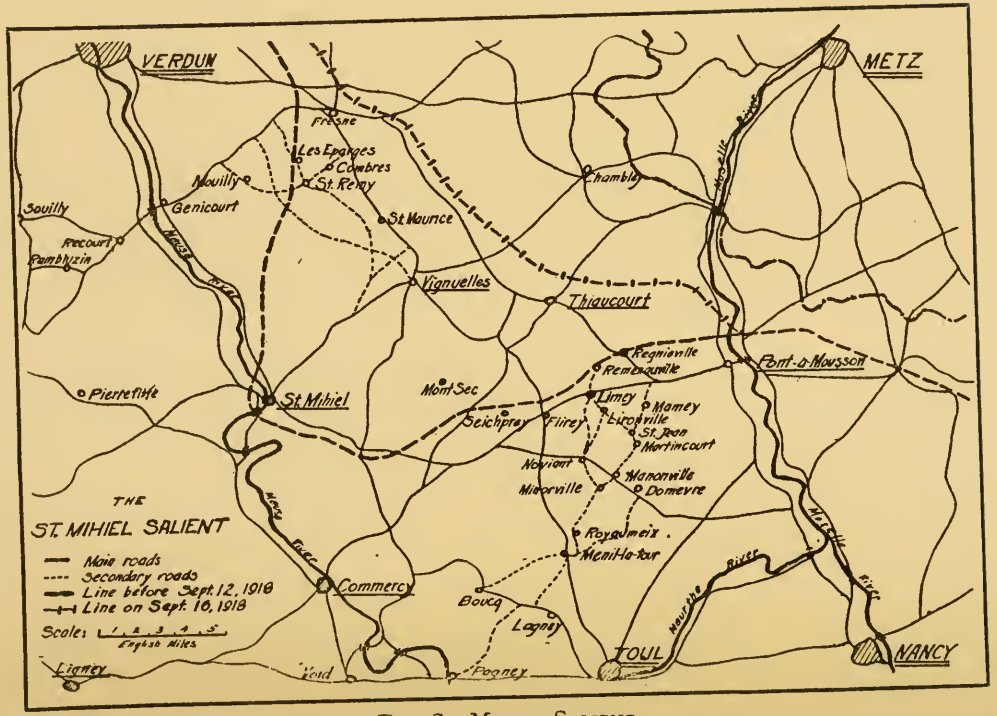
As we left the train at Lagney Woods it was pitch dark,—inky dark—as it seems nights can be only at the front. We were taken to some old French barracks in the woods, and it was not long before we had made the acquaintance of the French double bunks, mere wooden frames strung with wire. Before morning we had all decided that while they might be good for something, they were certainly "pas bon" for sleeping. Every time that one man moved, the entire tier would feel the far-reaching effects, and besides, do you remember the

checker-board it left on your back? Or were you the last on to get your bed-sack filled when that straw finally arrived?

But these were minor details. The camp was really a beautiful place. Our chief objection lay in the fact that while it was technically in the Zone of Action it really was only half way between the S. O. S. and the real thing. What was the use of digging reserve trenches when none of us believed for a minute that Fritz could ever drive us back to where it would become necessary to make use of them? From Lagney we could often see the anti-aircraft guns puttering at some bold fish-tail, and at night, after learning to appreciate the significance of the phrase "Get those damned lights out!" we sometimes heard an enemy plane above us. Bombing, like shell-fire, has always seemed a bit unfair to me. Somehow it makes one feel so helpless, there is no chance of reprisal for the individual man. The advantage is all with the shell, and you have no "come back."

Meanwhile the officers and some of the more fortunate "non-coms" were going "up to the line" almost every night, and, returning in the morning, they brought stories of shell-fire and "close shaves" that made our hearts beat faster, thus incapacitating us somewhat for the very interesting and thrilling British Stokes Mortar Drill as taught by Captain McNamee of the Royal Engineers, who was acting as an instructor. Later on a detail was sent forward to establish a dump, and we all envied them their oportunity. Still a little while and the entire second platoon left for parts unknown. We realized then that the big push, which was being rumored around, would take place soon if it was to take place at all. Down by the railroad one could see long lines of cars with batteries of artillery passing and each morning the road running north was lined here and there with overturned trucks or broken telegraph poles,

evidences of the tremendous truck trains that passed each night. Before long we, too, began to pack up, conscientiously rolling a regulation pack and anxiously filling our belts with all the ammunition we could lay hands on. We turned in on the night of September 8th, happy in the anticipation that the following day was "der Tag."



THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT IN THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT

When we awoke on the morning of September 9th and found that it was dreary and drizzling we knew for certain that that was our last day at Lagney. We spent the daylight hours in cleaning up and in trying to burn a large heap of wet straw without causing any smoke. When it grew dark we lined up and finally got under way on our forced march. As I think back on that awful night, I find myself quite at a loss for words to describe it. Our destination was the town of Limey, some 20 kilometers away. By the road we followed, through Menil-la-Tour, Royaumeix, Manonville and St. Jean, it was considerably longer, however. And it seemed still longer to us as we trudged on through the rain and the unspeakable mud, slipping and stumbling on a strange road in the inky blackness of the night. We had not gone more than a third of the way when we came up with one of those endless artillery trains that serve more than anything else to clog up the roads and delay traffic. With their weary horses and pack wagons the numerous batteries pretty nearly monopolized the narrow passage so that we were compelled to tramp most of those weary miles on the edge of the ditch. When finally we did lose the train we were so weary that, no matter how brief the stop, most of us would sink down in the mud and doze off.

Day had already dawned when we drew near our goal. Beyond St. Jean the company had separated, one section going with Lieut. Paine to a position in the vicinity of the Pont de Metz, the other continuing towards Limey. The end of the journey was almost entirely uphill, and we practically stumbled into the town when finally we did reach it. For most of us it was the first time we had seen a ruined village, and Limey was certainly ruined. For four years it had been under shell-fire, and only since August had it been in the hands of the Allies. Many of the ruins were already overgrown with grass and shrubbery. Others were quite recent. None of the buildings were untouched. Most of them were nothing but fragments of bleak walls. The church was still standing, though it, too, was badly battered. Altogether it was a scene of desolation if ever there was one.

But most of us had no eyes for such things when we first arrived. All we remember is that it was very still and that the day was one of those colorless, lifeless ones, —quite appropriate for the surroundings. We crept into an old cellar that had been fitted up with wire bunks, and slept, slept, slept, in spite of our drenched clothing and the rotten air of the surroundings. Unfortunately our dugout was in a direct line of fire between the enemy and the church and we discovered that night and during the succeeding days that it was no easy matter to unload rations or packs without attracting attention and drawing the fire of the enemy. Any number of the boys can tell of those first experiences when shells struck in dangerous proximity. On the whole, those first few days on the line were far from pleasant—anything but encouraging. The cold, damp dugout, the meals of bully beef and beans, the slimy mud and the unceasing rain not only made it disagreeable living, but made it particularly hard to do work properly.

On the afternoon of the 10th I accompanied Lieut.

Robinson on a trip through the trenches in search of a position. It was in that same vicinity that Lieut. Richardson had been struck in the face by a shell fragment a few days before. Although the wound at first had not appeared serious, complications set in and kept him in the hospital until about October 20. There was no one in the company who did not feel keenly the loss of his leadership and friendship.

The trenches were a hopeless labyrinth, full of mud and water, and, as I found to my surprise, practically empty. The 90th Division was holding the line at that time and had, during the few weeks preceding, made an excellent record in turning back raids and taking prisoners. We spent several hours splashing our way about, so that it was quite dark when we got back. The Boche kept up a desultory artillery fire which we soon learned to ignore. Only it seemed too bad that our guns never replied. We could easily see them,—countless batteries of them—apparently in position and yet silent as a group of sphinxes.

The attack was to take place on the night of the 11th to the 12th. It was still raining and no one was enthusiastic about going out. We started about 8:00 P. M., the gun teams going ahead with the Stokes. It had been planned to put in at least one battery of projectors, too, but this arrangement was not carried out, because the zero hour had been made earlier than was expected. How we should ever have succeeded in carrying heavy projectors through those narrow, muddy trenches I do not know. As it was we set out with rifles and belts, gas masks, light packs and no less than four bombs apiece, a weight of about 105 pounds.

The night was terribly dark and the trenches in the worst possible condition. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of the hours of that night, as we trudged and crawled through that mud and water.

There was not much activity in the trenches, certainly not enough to give reason to suppose that a large scale attack was about to start. The enemy, to be sure, kept up his Vérey lights and fired at intervals. Still, most of us were quite startled and surprised when, about 1:30 in the morning, the sky lit up behind us and the American barrage began. It was a terrific concentration of artillery and sounded fine—we had been waiting for it so eagerly. Soon it reached the intensity of drum fire and the German retaliatory fire gradually diminished till it finally ceased. We continued our journey under the swishing and whine of flying shells and the thunder of an unbroken series of detonations. It is difficult to express in words the sound of a heavy barrage, but it has always for me had an analogy to what one hears beneath a wooden bridge when a heavy vehicle passes overhead. The low grumbling of the echoes, punctuated by the loud reports of new shots and the sudden flashes that set off the landscape in a wierd light, all this makes a unique impression on the human mind.

After depositing our loads at the position we started back for another, though few of us had any faith in our ability to survive another trip. And going back was quite a different proposition than going, for, as if by magic, the trenches had filled with men, most of them Marines (5th Regiment) and troops of the 9th Infantry (2nd Division) who were to go over the top with the first wave. Those rows of cold, shivering men, equipped with grenades and with bayonets fixed, crouching in the mud of the trenches and waiting for the crucial moment, is another sight we shall never forget. It was hard to have to crawl over them, but we had to do it. Only after considerable trouble did we finally regain our dugouts in the town. It was then near four o'clock,—the zero hour for our guns was five, and for the doughboys 5:30. We were just about to start back for the trenches

Carrying Party

"We continued our journey under the swishing and whining of flying shells"

when the Boche suddenly opened up with a concentrated bombardment of the town. Everywhere the shells were bursting. For a moment we were undecided, but then we set out on a run, for we soon realized that duty called no matter what the circumstances. We reached the trenches without mishap. The first wave was just about to go over, and our machine guns had just opened a rolling barrage to precede it. For green men it was a novel experience—this stuttering breathless chatter of the machine guns just behind one. The trenches were in places so congested that to get through would have been impossible had we not struck on a rather clever idea. "Heads up, men, high explosives, watch these sacks";—shouting words to that effect worked like magic and we secured an easy passage. But we lost our way; Lieut. Robinson had stayed at the position and in the confusion we went wrong. The infantry went over and we watched the lines follow each other through the fields of barbed wire, over the German trenches and into the woods where the enemy had his artillery. Having seen some of our thermite bursting just before dawn we realized that our second load would be too late anyway, so after trying to find the right trench by going over the top we gave up and waited for developments.

We were so tired that it was quite agreeable to us to rest out there, with the aeroplanes swooping low over the advancing infantry and the hammering of the machine guns. Wounded men were already coming back, but so were the prisoners—not single or in small groups, but in droves or herds, as you like. Most of them were young and hale in appearance, though there were a few older, war-worn men among them too. I spoke to several of them and invariably they said they were glad to have been captured. One even stated that he was glad that the attack had been made, for he believed it would bring the end nearer. Such being the

spirit, it was not hard to understand why large numbers of the captives were entrusted to two doughboys who, with rifles slung, would march, one at the head, the other at the tail of the column, with an expression of endless self-satisfaction on their faces.

Meanwhile the boys on the gun-teams were working hard. They had carried the heavy guns out to the position and now had to set them up and prepare the ammunition all in the pitchy darkness, the rain and the mud. Two guns went into position with a farmhouse for the target. It was our purpose to screen the infantry as it advanced on the target in order to attack the machine guns located there. Another two guns were installed some three-quarters of a kilometer beyond, their purpose being to throw a smoke screen before the infantry as it advanced on Remenanville, a small hamlet just within the German lines, which was totally destroyed. Our last two guns were still further away from Limey. They were to throw a flanking screen on the advancing troops. At zero hour, 5:00 A. M., our Stokes went into action, the six together firing 100 rounds of smoke. The men at the guns deserve great credit indeed for the splendid work they did that night, when, under the most unfavorable conditions, they not only carried their guns out and set them up, but also prepared a large amount of ammunition which was hopelessly muddy and dirty. The infantry advanced much more rapidly than had been anticipated, so that it became inadvisable to shoot more bombs. Nevertheless, with what we did shoot an excellent screen was maintained in front of the 2nd and part of the 5th Divisions. As soon as possible the guns were dismantled and four, with 80 rounds each of smoke and thermite started out to follow the infantry. On the way Lieut. Robinson came upon the carrying party which then joined the gun teams in getting the material up to Remenauville. The infantry was so far ahead that it

was obviously useless to attempt to catch up with it that day. Consequently we left our supplies under guard and returned to Limey for some sleep—sleep made doubly sweet by the consciousness of work well done. The following morning we set out for Thiaucourt, which the infantry had reached the previous day. The streets of Limey and the one road leading in our direction were crowded with prisoners and our own men,— to say nothing of the endless lines of artillery, trucks and wagons that follow an advance. The train had stopped, but the mud was frightful, making the roads almost impassable at places. We enjoyed our trip more or less, however, for the sight of the battlefield, covered with barbed wire, torn by shell fire and strewn with discarded equipments of all kinds, was a novel sight for most of us. Moreover, there was an opportunity at last to get souvenirs!

The first section was less fortunate in its operations. While the second section had gone to Limey, the first, comprising about one-half the company and the company headquarters had taken up French dugouts in a ravine north of the St. Dizier-Metz road near Fond des Quatre Vaux, and about 1 kilometer behind our front line. It was the purpose of Lieut. Paine to lay down a smoke screen in front of our infantry as it advanced on and beyond the town of Regnieville. With this end in view four guns were installed in our front line trenches, and ammunition was taken up. Besides smoke bombs there was an ample supply of thermite which was to be used against the enemy's machine guns in case the wind proved unfavorable for smoke operations. Everything was ready when, one hour before zero, orders were received from infantry headquarters stating that the plan of the tank attack had been changed and that they would be within our line of fire. Consequently it had become necessary for us to change our position.

Every effort was made to install our guns in the new location, but with the very limited time at our disposal it is not remarkable that we did not succeed in completing our work in time. So the first section at the very outset had the discouraging experience of doing a great amount of hard work without having the satisfaction of getting results. Modern warfare is indeed at least 90 per cent. hard labor.

After this unfortunate beginning the section was assembled, and, with two guns and 30 rounds each of smoke and thermite, proceeded to Thiaucourt, where it joined the second section, which had reached the town on the previous day.

Thiaucourt is a fairly large town that had been in the enemy's hands for four years. What ruins there were had been caused, I was told, not by the American barrage but by our bombardment of the place during the Seicheprey engagement in July. The Germans had planned the deportation of the civilians, but the attack, of which they had apparently got wind, came so quickly that their arrangements proved impracticable. Consequently they were still quite numerous when we arrived. The Germans, they said, had taken to their heels at the approach of the Yankees, and their terrific cries, "Die Amerikaner kommen!" had echoed and re-echoed through the streets. Certainly the great amount of equipment and stores was ample proof of their hurried departure.

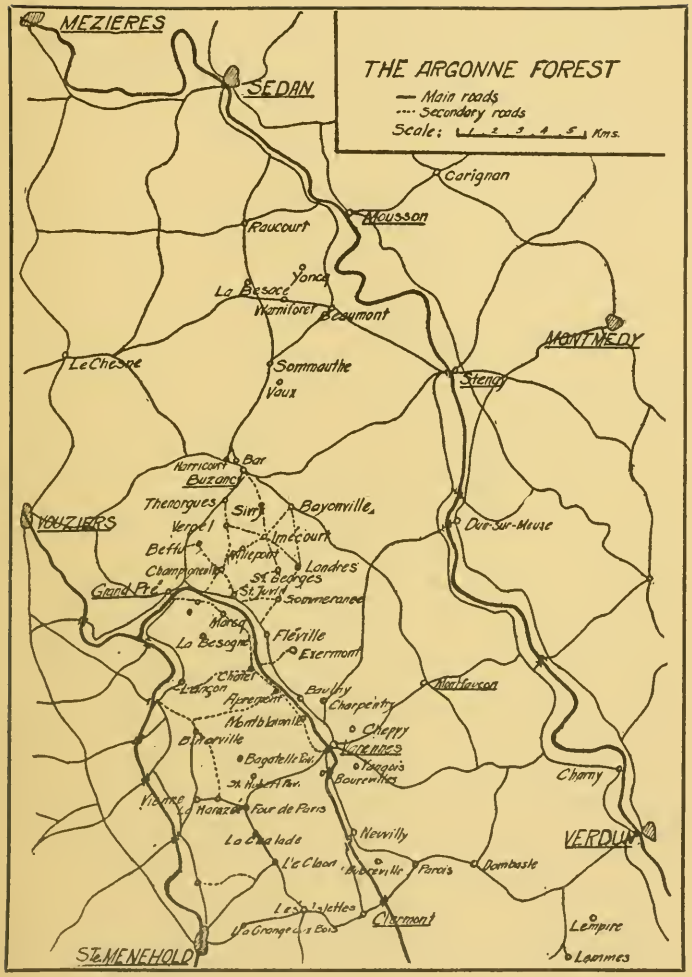
We secured good lodging in vaulted cellars, and after the kitchen had been set up we were well taken care of, though the enemy occasionally gave cause for excitement by his sporadic shell-fire. The civilians treated us "royally" and we have them to thank not only for many a bit of tasty food, but for many interesting stories and anecdotes as well. Reconnaissances were made daily while we were at Thiaucourt, but no suitable targets

were located. As it happened the advance came to a standstill some kilometers above Thiaucourt and so it was impossible for us to continue as had been arranged.

On Sunday, September 15, therefore, we started back, marching with heavy packs. The road was very hilly, and after some 10 kilometers of up-hill and down we were quite ready to stop for the night in the camp previously occupied by Section 1. Early the following morning—a wonderful autumn day—we started out again, this time without packs. Our destination was Lagney Woods, a good, long hike, even though conditions were better than on our way up. Many of the men were exhausted from the strenuous work of the preceding week, and so our arrival on the old camp found most of us on our last legs. We did not know how long we were to stay and so were glad, after a good night's rest, to take advantage of the opportunity, to bathe and obtain a change of clothing at Menil-la-Tour. We had found by experience that on the line nothing belongs to anybody—it is common property in a way. A striking example of this was the occasion on which we returned to our dugout in Limey to find not only strange men sleeping on our bunks, but to discover that most of our belongings were gone. Consequently most of us were quite destitute when we reached our base at Lagney.

We had to walk the 5 kilometers to Menil-la-Tour and back. That would not have been so bad, had we not been routed up out of our sleep at 4:00 A. M. the following morning to take another long hike in heavy marching order. This time our way took us to Rosieres-en-Haye, a town some 16 miles distant in a northeasterly direction. There, tired and worn out, we were met by a convoy of French trucks which were to take us to our next destination, the town of Les Islettes in the heart of the Argonne, about half-way between Clermont and Ste. Menehould on the Verdun to Paris highway.

Measured on the map the distance to be covered is about 85 kilometers. By the road we took, through Toul, Void, Bar-le-Duc and Clermont it is probably nearer 125. At any rate, it took us three days to complete the trip, what with the quality of the French trucks and the lack of ambition among their drivers. Those of us who did not spend most of the time trying to sleep saw some interesting sights, pre-eminent among them the sombre and forbidding old fortress of Toul. These were, however, very inadequate recompense for the discomforts of the journey, and it was with a sigh of relief that we got off at our new base.



THE ARGONNE FOREST

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE ARGONNE

We found Les Islettes ("Lizzie's Slats," the boys called it) a fairly large place quite full of troops. We had an idea that we would stay there for some time and so set to work energetically in making our rather poor billets comfortable. The second platoon, which had left Lagney several days before we went to Limey, rejoined us. It was a happy reunion, and "swapping stories" was the amusement of the hour. We learned that the platoon had been attached to Company D, which had operated from the vicinity of Rambluzin, northwest of St. Mihiel. The boys had there received some instruction in Stokes Mortar work, and, assimilated with the various sections of the sister company, had made an excellent showing during the operation, the end of which found them at St. Maurice. From what they told us they had had a very interesting time, for St. Maurice was a sort of resort and had been left well stored with good things. The only event to mar the adventure was the wounding of Dan Smith, who was struck in the forehead by a shell fragment. The wound did not prove very serious, so that he was with us again before we had gone far on the following push.

Contrary to our expectations, our stay at Les Islettes was to prove a short one. After enjoying the scenery and the supplies of the French commissary to the best

of our ability and the condition of our purses, we set out, once again in the rain, on the evening of the third day, Sunday, the 22nd of September, and marched uphill for some twelve kilometers to a French station, a series of dugouts built into the side of a steep hill called "Le Mont des Sept Fontaines." The second platoon, under Lieut. Burr, had been detailed to operate with "C" Company, and left soon after our arrival at the new position. The Third Platoon, forming the Second Section, had taken positions on our left, near Le Four de Paris, from which location they were to cover the line running through the western half of the forest, while the first section, comprising the First and Fourth Platoons under Lieutenants Paine and Fleming, was to operate in the eastern half. This was a convenient arrangement, for it coincided with the plans of the larger units. Thus the first section operated behind the 28th Division (and later the 82nd) west to a north and south line running through La Chalade, while the second section was to support the 77th Division (later the 78th) in that portion of the forest lying west of said line.

At this point it may not be inappropriate to say a few words about the Argonne front by the way of introduction to the most extensive of the American operations in France. The forest itself is a stretch of wild country some seventy kilometers long and about fifteen wide, consisting of thickly wooded steep hills and deep ravines or gullies, the whole being wonderfully adapted to ambuscades and machine-gun work. In September, 1914, the Germans, meeting with practically no resistance, had swept through the entire forest clear down to the outskirts of Bar-le-Duc. On account of the unexpectedly strong resistance at Verdun and because of the fateful battle of the Marne, it became necessary, however, for them to withdraw again. Their retreat stopped in the northern part of the forest, just south

of Apremont. Later in the fall of 1914 they began their advance once more, but instead of sweeping through they met the most stubborn kind of resistance from the French artillery and machine guns that had in the meantime invested the underbrush and thickets. By dint of hard fighting the enemy advanced very slowly until, after terrific losses, the line had been halted on the strong line, Hill 263—La Harazée. There, on that line (the so-called "Fille Morte" or "Dead Girl" line) the opponents had been locked in a death grapple for just about four years. So intense and continuous was the fighting here that this line was mentioned on an average in thirteen of the daily communiqués each month. Under these conditions it will not be hard to understand that here the most desperate fighting and the most diabolical methods had been the usual thing, and that we were to start on a line of well constructed and complete defenses.

For convenience of treatment and because of the complexity of operations, I shall take up the work of the company by sections. The first section spent the three days in intervening between its arrival and the opening of the attack in cleaning ammunition. At night this ammunition, as well as the guns, would be carried over the hill to the position, which was in a gap at the foot of the famous Hill 263, our target. The attack was to be a surprise and the line was to be held by the French until the zero hour, so it was essential that our operations should be quietly carried on. I remember that it was no easy matter, but there in the moonlight, to follow a French guide through the trenches, when every twig brushing against a helmet and the noise of every misplaced step sounded so loud that one would think it was heard in Berlin. The French were holding the line by a series of outposts, beyond which was our emplacement. On one occasion at least the enemy

discovered our presence and followed us back with artillery fire, the detonations of the bursting shells reverberating and re-echoing through the stillness of the night.

The initial operation was to be a big one; six Stokes mortars were installed. The target was Hill 263, which it was planned to take by a flanking movement. To make this possible we were to shoot phosgene and thermite to weaken the resistance of the enemy and "skunk gas" to make him wear his mask and interfere with his work. Most important, however, was to be the smoke cloud which we planned to lay down on the hill. Sheltered by this the infantry was to make its flank attack. The zero hour was 5:30, September 26th, and at that time our guns began firing. The artillery had already been laying down a barrage for some hours. Everything proceeded according to schedule, excepting that, by order from the First Corps Headquarters, no gas was fired. The Infantry advanced and took the famous old position without much difficulty.

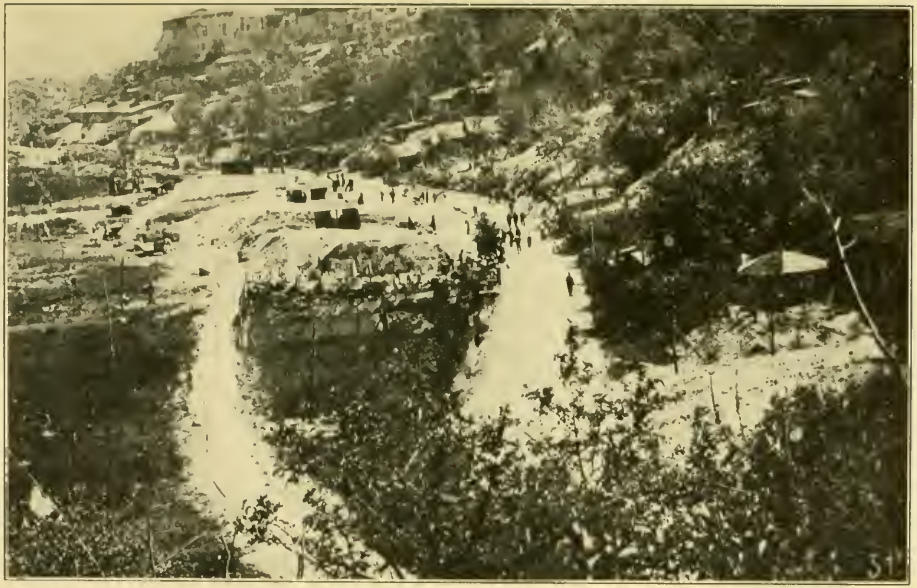
On the afternoon of September 26th I was fortunate enough to get an opportunity to visit the old line. For a wide belt through the forest the land was desolate. Trees, as well as the underbrush, had been shot away or left in a charred condition. The entire area was covered with fields of barbed wire and cut in all directions with great trench systems or dugouts. But most striking was the effect of the shell-fire and mine explosions, which left the whole landscape torn and scarred. Some of the mine craters were at least one hundred feet in diameter and forty feet deep, enormous wounds where the very bowels of the earth had been torn out. At a loss to adequately describe the scene, a German writer, in a volume published earlier in the war, asks his readers to imagine the ocean at its roughest and then imagine

it instantly changed into clay. Such is the "Fille Morte" line.

On the evening of September 27th we followed the infantry, travelling over the wretched roads with light packs and carrying two bombs apiece. It was very dark and quite late when we reached Varennes, the famous town in which, some century and a quarter ago, Louis XVI and his family were stopped and turned back as they were attempting to flee the country during the great revolution. There were very few troops in the place when we arrived, and consequently we had our choice of the dugouts. We chose those around the German Headquarters and officers' apartments. The walk had been a long one and we were tired, so tired that we hardly minded carrying the bloody forms of four dead Boche out and then sleeping in the damp bunks where we had found them. Some of the men were called out again before daylight and proceeded to Montblainville in the expectation of shooting again. A show proved impracticable, however, and the men returned later, having lost Sergeant Tuttle, who was wounded in the lower leg by a bit of shrapnel and had gone to the hospital. He never returned to the company.

The section kept its dugouts in Varennes until September 30th, during which time the enemy shelled sporadically and rather unsuccessfully. All along at least one platoon was attempting to operate behind the infantry, between Montblainville and Apremont. The former town proved especially disastrous for us, because of the frequent shell fire. Besides Sergeant Tuttle, Privates Noel and Pruette were wounded there, to say nothing of cases in which men very narrowly escaped injury. It was in this town, too, that a shell killed seven and wounded fifteen men who were standing in a line outside the Y. M. C. A.

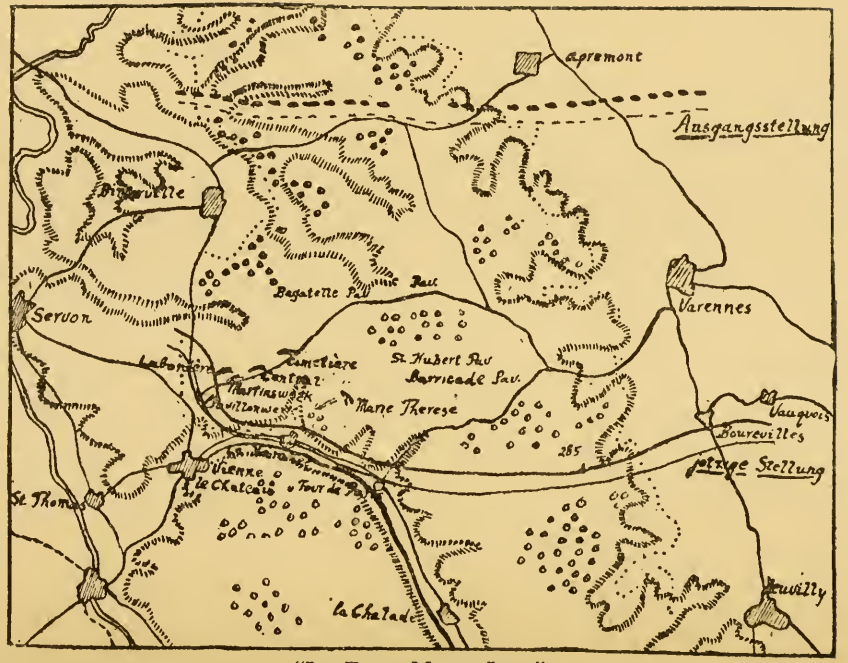
On Sunday, September 29th, the platoon that was



VARENNES
"We had our choice of the dug-outs"

forward with Lieut. Fleming, succeeded in staging the first of several shoots directed against large nests of machine guns that were holding the thickly wooded summit of "La Chene Tondu," an eminence west of Apremont, called "Mudra Höhe" by the Germans. We had to carry the ammunition all the way from Montblainville, a distance of some two and a half miles and no easy matter, considering that the enemy was shelling the road almost incessantly. Our first shoot was from a position half way up the hill, and that afternoon we shot ten rounds of smoke and six of thermite. We went back and brought up more ammunition, but arrived too late to make use of it that day. It was impossible to determine the effect of the fire, since the density of the vegetation made observation impossible. Snipers were quite active in that vicinity, so we took our guns to the foot of the hill and returned to Montblainville for the night.

The machine guns on the heights proved much more formidable than had been supposed they would be, and the 111th Infantry was unable to take the position. Consequently we went up again on Tuesday, October 1st, taking two guns and abundant ammunition. The near edge of the plateau was held by our troops and it was from there we were planning to shoot. We had a terrible time carrying the heavy guns and ammunition up the precipitous ascent, for it was inky dark. We finally reached our destination, however, and slept a few hours behind a low stucco building which was being used as an advanced P. C. The infantry outposts were just beyond, as were also some of our machine guns that were trying to silence the enemy. On the following morning we set up our guns and fired, at 10:00 A. M., sixty-eight rounds of thermite and twenty-two of smoke. The operation was not so successful as it might have been, owing to some mistake in the information given



"La Fille Morte Line"

(Replica of a Map by the Ex-German Crown Prince, 1915)

us by the infantry. A slight advance by our troops took place, however.

We immediately prepared to shoot again and carried more bombs up the hill. Before long we had three guns set up out beyond the P. C. and in a rather exposed position. There was abundant ammunition also. But as is usually the case, when you're ready, the others aren't. A zero hour was fixed and then changed again and again, until we finally despaired of shooting at all. Moreover the hill-top was a rather warm place to stay in, for snipers by day and machine-gun duels by night kept us on our toes both day and night. At last, on October 5th, at 12:15 P. M., we started our bombardment. It was a perfect operation, the smoke and thermite acting exactly as was desired. The three guns together fired ninety rounds of smoke and seventy-seven of thermite, at least a third of the total under direct machine-gun fire. Only the gun teams had stayed on the top of the hill during the firing, the rest waiting at the foot. We had the satisfaction of knowing that the infantry went through for a gain.

The four days and nights on "La Chene Tondu" had been racking. We had been sleeping in the open and living on iron rations, while all the time the enemy's fire had been wearing us down. On one occasion a shell burst so close to a party of our men that no less than six were wounded, Corporal Murray, Privates Wachter and Taylor seriously and Engineer Palacki and Private Rowlands slightly. The remainder of us were sorely in need of rest, and so it was particularly fortunate for us that the infantry soon made a rapid advance. We had returned to Montblainville where we lived rather wretchedly in some German shacks. Several batteries of heavy guns just behind us kept us awake at night, while in the daytime there was little to do but wade

around in the slime and mud. Montblainville was a distinctly disagreeable place in which to stay.

Our next "home" was decidedly better. On October 10th we marched up the further side of "La Chene Tondu" to an extensive German camp called "Boriswald Lager." It was a pleanant spot, with good shacks and excellent dugouts. Moreover, there was a well built spring, so that we had all that could be desired. The second section of the company joined us there and for a day or two we had a real reunion. Then, on October 11th, the first section, which had been operating with the 28th Division, was ordered back to Varennes, to which town the Division had been withdrawn after being relieved by the 82nd.

Meanwhile this new division had established a line running east and west just north of St. Juvin and Sommerance. The section was attached and on October 13th arrived in the vicinity of Fleville, where it was repeatedly under heavy shell fire. Reconnaissances were continually made, but in accordance with Brigade orders, no operation was to take place until the line had advanced far enough to bring Imecourt within range of our guns. It was while waiting for the infantry to make this advance that Lieut. Fleming was struck by a shell fragment during a reconnaissance. The wound was in the right side and consisted of a torn lung and other internal injuries. He died the following day in a nearby hospital. The loss of one of our most able and popular leaders was a severe blow to the entire company, particularly to those who had known him intimately.

Lieut. Le Veque took command of the section after Lieut. Fleming's death and under his direction an operation was prepared. The location was a particularly dangerous one, so that many had forebodings of disaster as the ammunition was carried up the shell-swept hills north of Sommerance. But the show was destined never

to take place. At the eleventh hour orders came in recalling the entire company, and it was on October 18th that, after a long truck ride, the sections rejoined the rest of the company in the town of La Grange aux Bois, just east of Ste-Menehould, where we were to go into rest billets.

While the first section was carrying out the operations described above, the second section, under Lieutenants Robinson and Thompson were following the infantry in the western half of the forest. This section had left Les Islettes at 8:00 P. M. on September 23rd and taken up a position in the 77th Division sector just north of Four de Paris. There it was rejoined on the 25th by the second platoon, which under Lieut. Burr, had left Les Islettes at 7:00 A. M. of the 24th and had installed fifty projectors with T. N. T. in "C" Company's position on the 35th Division sector, east of the forest. These projectors were later shot by "C" Company and proved very effective. During the little expedition, which involved very hard and rapid work for the men who took part, Pivate "Happy" Powers was wounded by a bit of shrapnel which struck him near the left temple. Though the wound seemed slight, its effects proved quite serious, and it was some time before our comrade was back with us.

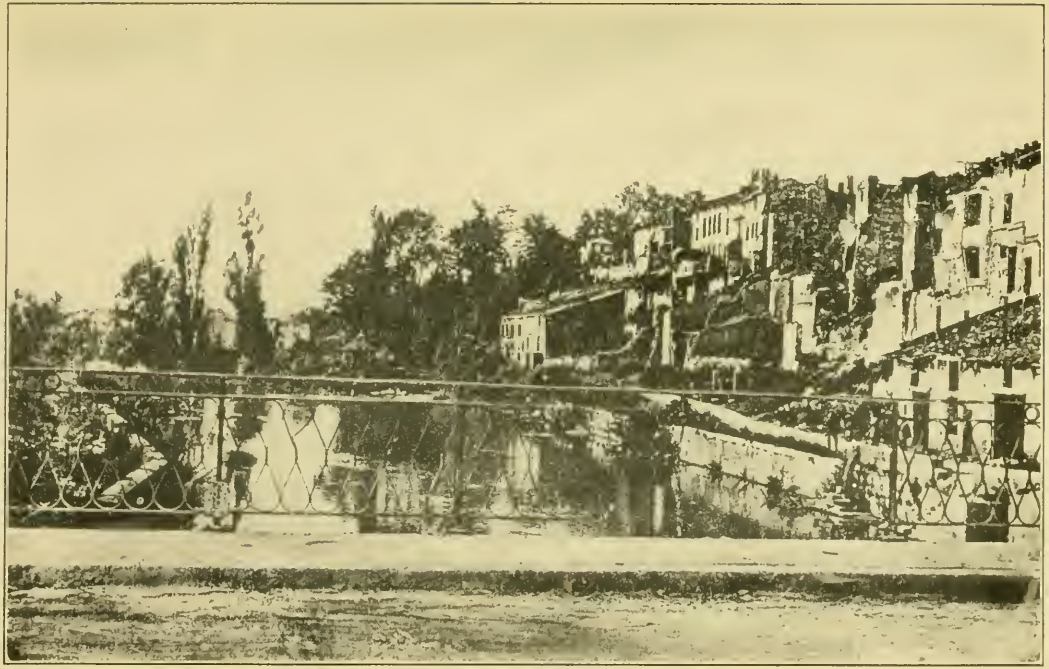
The initial operation of the second section was divided into two parts as follows: Under Lieut. Robinson two mortars were installed near the Four de Paris, which, by the way, was heavily bombarded on September 25th, giving rise to the supposition that the enemy suspected offensive preparations on our part. At zero hour (5:30 A. M. on September 26th) both the mortars together fired sixty rounds of smoke and fifty of thermite with a local salient as the target. The bombs were sent over in the form of a rolling barrage, the range being raised 100 yards at 5:40, an additional 150 yards

at 5:45, and then another 150 yards at 5:50. The purpose of the operation had been to screen the infantry by a smoke curtain and to drive away enemy machine gunners. Although the resistance offered at this point was quite determined, the salient was successfully taken.

Meanwhile Lieut. Thompson had installed one mortar at a position in front of our outpost line, with the salient in front of the Tranchée de la Baltique as the target. At the zero hour (5:30 A. M. on Sept. 26th) this gun fired 20 rounds of thermite. The attacking infantry (307th and 308th Regiments) encountered but slight resistance, and it seems reasonable to assume that the enemy had retreated from the salient during the artillery barrage that preceded the attack. After the operation the whole section was assembled and on the 27th moved forward, with a mule team carrying two guns and ammunition, to the support of the 308th Infantry, which had advanced to the Tranchée Tirpitz.

At this time the 1st Battalion of the 306th Infantry was planning an attack on a series of machine-gun nests and dugouts near the St. Hubert Pavilion. The section was called on to assist in the action, in conjunction with the three-inch Stokes of the infantry and the supporting artillery. With two guns thirty rounds of thermite were shot between 5:00 and 5:15 P. M., while at the same time, with thirty rounds of smoke, a sort of rolling smoke screen was laid down. The infantry, however, failed to attack. Consequently the shoot was of no value, excepting insofar as it harassed the enemy. On the following day, at 10:00 A. M., the two guns again shot at the St. Hubert Pavilion, using thirty-seven rounds of thermite. With this protection on the flank, the infantry attacked east of the pavilion and took its objective, meeting with no opposition from the point at which our fire had been directed.

It was on the following day that our smallest opera-



Over the Meuse at Varennes

tion was carried out. Its purpose was to silence a machine gun in the Bois de la Grurie, which was annoying the leading battalion of the 307th Infantry. At 4:15 P. M. the team under Lieut. Robinson fired five rounds of thermite. Two direct hits were obtained and no further fire observed from that locality.

Following this shoot, on the 30th, Lieut. Robinson made a reconnaissance, but did not succeed in locating a target. The section, however, with six guns, moved forward to La Haute Chevanchée, where Captain Dayton and Lieut. Thompson reconnoitered the 306th Infantry sector, again without success in finding a target. Later on, however, under orders from the 307th Infantry, Lieut. Robinson installed two guns and at 4:15 P. M. fired thirty-five rounds of thermite at the dugouts on a hill directly north of Depot des Machines (Machinery Park), the purpose being to assist a wide flanking attack by the infantry. This target could not be reached by the artillery, and it may be worth remarking that while, on September 29th and 30th, the infantry's three-inch Stokes had not yet come up, our own four-inch guns were in action.

On October 2nd, the section was again called on to assist in silencing enemy machine guns that were holding up the attack. On this occasion two guns were installed in the Bois d'Apremont, and at 4:00 P. M. thirty rounds of thermite were fired. The infantry failed to attack, much to our chagrin, for the thermite bursts were particularly well timed and our work would certainly have been of assistance had the projected attack been carried out.

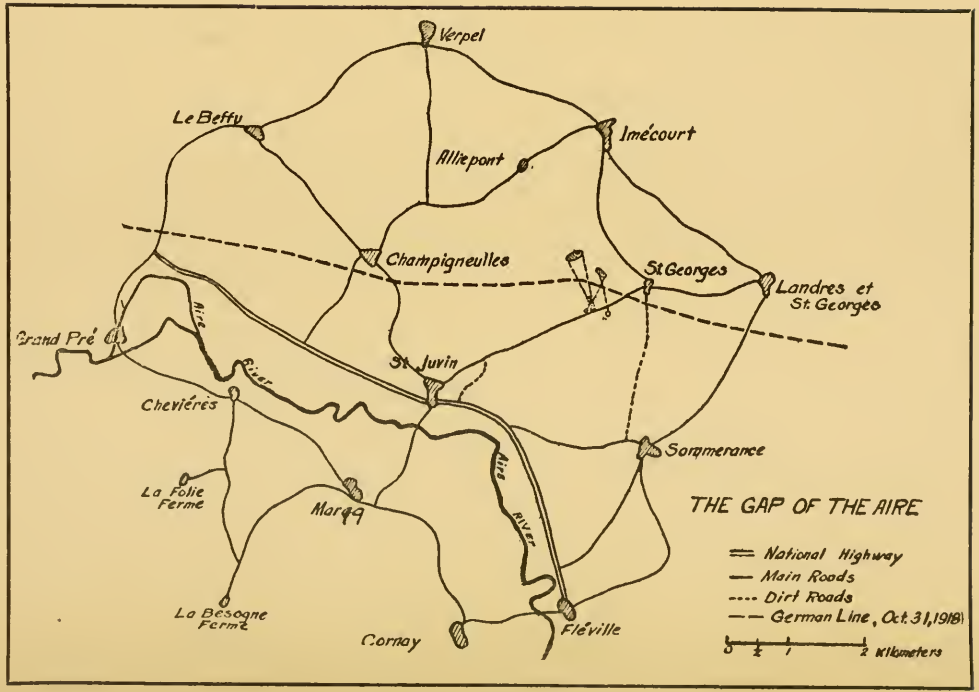
The next action, on October 4th, proved more successful. Called upon by the 305th Infantry to silence machine guns in their area, two guns were installed, and at 5:00 P. M. we bombarded the area with fifty-one rounds of thermite. After the fifth shot the fire of the

enemy ceased, and was not resumed. On the following morning, from a new position, two guns again went into action, the purpose being to assist the attacking battalion of the 305th Infantry in a flank assault on some strong points. Our men shot ninety-six rounds of thermite at 10:30 A. M. and had the satisfaction of hearing the enemy's machine gun fire die away after the first ten minutes of our bombardment. On this occasion the Boche tried hard to locate us with his artillery, but failed to do so. As for our infantry, it attempted to advance but was repulsed.

Up to this time the operations had all been with thermite and smoke, so that a projected gas shoot on October 6th offered something in the way of variety. During the night two guns were installed and at 1:00 A. M. of October 7th we fired fifty rounds of phosgene. The wind was favorable (five miles per hour and south-southwest) so that our bombs, which at first drew machine-gun retaliation, soon silenced all opposition from the enemy. It was during the preparation for this action that Private Hyett was struck in the foot by a bit of shrapnel. He was sent to a hospital and did not rejoin the company until the middle of December.

The following few days proved unfavorable for further operations on our part. The infantry advanced rapidly until October 10th. On the 9th two guns were ready to shoot on machine guns in order to assist the 307th Infantry in a flank attack on Hill 198. It was found, however, that the enemy had withdrawn and that our operation would not be needed. On the 10th the section moved to Boriswald Lager, where one part remained with the first section until sent forward to relieve the other part, which had established a dump at La Besogne Ferme. From this date until the 17th, when we went to La Grange aux Bois for rest, the section was inactive. Daily reconnaissances were made,

but conditions were not favorable for operations. The infantry was stopped in the gap where the Aire crosses the forest from St. Juvin to Grandpré. Attacks were repeatedly made, but the enemy, commanding the further heights, kept up an incessant machine-gun and artillery barrage in the gap. Not infrequently the fire reached such an intensity that carrying parties going to and from the new dump in Marcq or reconnoitering parties in the vicinity of Chevières and Grandpré would find themselves in very precarious situations. The weather continued rainy and disagreeable, causing deep mud-sloughs and making it possible for the enemy to keep the gap full of gas. All things combined made the men weary and tired, so that it was with anything but enthusiasm that we were told of a projected attack that was to be staged in the open fields and directed against the upper part of Grandpré, which was still in the hands of the enemy. We were expecting to go out in the small hours of the morning of the 18th, when, at about 9:00 P. M. of the 17th, the order arrived which took us out of the line. It was an alacritous crowd that started early the following morning on the return trip, and a happy crowd that went to sleep in La Grange aux Bois that night, with no shells and no gas to worry about. Just before leaving La Besogne we lost Pvt. Patterson, who, in the vicinity of Fleville, on the 15th, was struck by a shell fragment and sent to the hospital.



THE GAP OF THE AIRE

CHAPTER V.

THE DRIVE TOWARDS SEDAN

The nine days' rest at La Grange aux Bois was surely needed by the entire Company, which had been almost incessantly under fire since the 10th of September. We found the town a quiet, neat and on the whole a very delightful place with good billets, good wine, good bread and good cheese. On the second day of our arrival we were taken to Raricourt in trucks and there had an opportunity to take a bath and get new clothes, while our retained belongings were being deloused by a dry steam process. We sha'n't so soon forget what a relief it was to be really clean once more. It actually seemed too good to be true. But it was not for long that we were to be permitted to strut about the streets or keep the chairs warm in the cafés. A schedule was very soon published, and before long we found ourselves out at bayonet drill. What was even worse, however, was the Stokes Mortar drill. Each morning we took the guns out for exercise and set them up with the meticulous care of the drill regulations, after which we affectionately carried them back again. Still, time passed quickly and uneventfully, excepting for one air raid by moonlight and the adventure of a few of our men, who, innocently sightseeing in Ste. Menehould, were picked up by an M. P., and later fined for being in a forbidden area. The rest period is also

memorable for the return to the Company of Lieut. Richardson, who had been in the hospital since being wounded before the St. Mihiel operation. The appearance of his familiar face was welcomed by all of us.

We left La Grange aux Bois quite unexpectedly on the morning of Sunday, October 27th, and travelled in trucks almost all day till we reached the town of Cornay, just west of Fleville and in the same locality from which the first section had been withdrawn nine days previous. We found lodgings in very inferior buildings, most of the place being in ruins or being already occupied by other troops. On inquiry we learned that the line had not moved since we had been there last, and that the Germans were holding a rather strong defense line called the "Freya Stellung." It was obvious from the very considerable aircraft activity and the great concentration of artillery round about that a concerted attack was to be made at an early date. That our part in it was to be of quite considerable proportions we soon discovered, when, after reconnaissance north of Sommerance, forward dumps were established along the National Highway from Fleville to St. Juvin. It was on one of these reconnaissances that Lieut. Richardson, who had just returned from the hospital, was again struck by a shell fragment, the wound, curiously enough, being in practically the same place as the first one. On the same occasion Sergeant Casey was wounded in the arm and leg. Lieut. Richardson rejoined the Company late in December.

During the first half of the week following our return to the line we spent the nights in carrying guns and ammunition to the position. It was planned to dig in sixty projectors (40 for C. G. gas and 20 for T. N. T.) as well as to operate six Stokes guns, the latter to shoot gas as well as thermite and smoke. At this particular time the enemy line ran east and west parallel to and

SOMMERANCE
"Fritz is demonstrating the Goose-step"

not very far north of the road from St. Juvin to the town of St. Georges. As it approached this last place it made a dip southward to include the town. The gun positions were all in the vicinity of this bend, perhaps two and one-half kilometers east of St. Juvin and one kilometer west of St. Georges. The projectors, which, like all our material, had to be carried several kilometers along the road or over the shell-torn open hills, were planted in a patch of bushes that ran from the road to within two hundred to three hundred yards of the enemy lines. The work was fraught with danger and difficulty, because of the fact that the enemy suspected an attack and kept his Véry lights up, at the same time harassing our operations with machine guns and artillery fire. We were on the outpost line, the first concentrated line of infantry being along the road in the vicinity of St. Juvin, where the men had dug themselves into the bank along the road. As for the Stokes, they were to be operated in two batteries of three each, one of the three to be located in a reinforced shell crater some fifty yards from the road and fifty yards west of the bushes. The other battery was also located in a reinforced crater, some hundred yards beyond the bushes toward St. Georges and perhaps another hundred yards off the road in a southerly direction.

Those were anxious nights, the ones in which we covered the road from St. Juvin to the position, carrying heavy projectors, mortars or bombs. The awful quiet that usually prevailed, the enemy's lights, and the difficulty of the work was enough to keep us on our toes at all times. It was on these trips that we first made use of two small, rubber-tired hand-carts. They saved us considerable work, but were very dangerous because of the occasional squeaking of the wheels. All told it was very likely the hardest work we did on the front, carrying those large stores of material over kilometers of

up-hill into the very face of the enemy, and they were weary feet, indeed, that, sometimes at 2:00 or 3:00 A. M., started on the long 10 kilometer hike back to Cornay.

At last the night for the attack came—October 31. The Stokes were dug in that same night, and the sandbag reinforcements in the shell-holes were completed. We went up that night somewhat anxious and uncertain. Among other things we had twenty-five new men with us, who had just arrived from "Q" company and most of whom were new to fire. And several of us, I think, had a presentiment of an awful ordeal to come. The enemy's continued shell-fire convinced us again and again that we were bucking a consolidated line of resistance.

Our zero hour was to be 3:30 A. M., and ours was to be the honor of opening the attack in that particular sector, for the artillery barrage was not to start until 3:37 and the first wave of the Infantry was to go over at 5:30. By midnight all preparations were completed. Only the men who were actually to operate the guns were kept on the positions. Besides these, there were two parties of twenty men, each with a sergeant in charge, which were held in reserve some 200 yards west of the positions. They were to act as carrying parties in case it should be necessary to follow the infantry immediately. The operation opened promptly at 3:30 with the explosion of a battery of projectors with H. E. and another battery with C. G. gas. Shortly after the Stokes opened fire, while at 3:37 the artillery behind us began laying down a terrific barrage on the enemy's lines and the back areas. But the attack was not to prove a one-sided affair. Our Stokes had fired only 41 gas and 24 thermite bombs when the hostile machine-guns, which had located our emplacements, covered the entire position with such an intense fire that further operation of the guns was not to be thought of. Moreover, the enemy's artillery replied

to our own almost immediately, bombarding in a systematic fashion the entire ridge and particularly the road. The shells literally rained about, high explosives varying with gas and occasionally shrapnel. How shall I adequately describe our experiences during those five horrible hours, as we lay in shell holes or on the road—those dreadful, endless hours of paralyzing uncertainty and suspense, during which machine guns united with shell-fire and gas to make death seem ever so much closer than life. For a time it seemed likely that the enemy's infantry would attack before our own, and so we lay there, huddled together, nerves tense, weapons ready, determined, if the occasion should arrive, to sell our lives as dearly as possible, for I hardly believe there was one of us who expected to get away alive.

It would be useless to tell in detail of all the narrow escapes, of all the minor happenings of those hours, but it does seem to me that at least one act of heroism deserves special mention. As I said before, the enemy was throwing over considerable gas. Still there was a fairly good breeze, and in most cases it dissipated quite rapidly. It was with some surprise, therefore, that the men became aware of an ever-increasing odor of phosgene. This in itself was strange, for the enemy was shooting almost exclusively sneezing gas. On investigation it turned out that a fragment of one of the numerous shells that struck close by had torn open one of our own phosgene bombs, and that the gas was rapidly escaping in our very midst, causing a terriffic concentration. It was then that, without a moment's hesitation, the sergeant, not stopping to put on his mask, seized the broken bomb and carried it out of the hole, where, under the most intense fire of the enemy, he buried it and returned, safe in spite of all.

With the reserve parties, meanwhile, things, to say the least, were no better. To keep out the chill night

winds the men had spread their shelter-halves over the fox holes which had been dug into the side of the bank. when the enemy's barrage opened it was directed particularly at this spot, where he believed the infantry was lying in readiness to go over. It was not surprising, then, that the entire vicinity was thoroughly bombarded. In quick succession the shells struck, many of them so near that they blew men to pieces less than ten feet from us and peppered our shelter-halves with stones and lumps of mud, leaving many of them perforated like sieves. Had the enemy used shrapnel, most probably not one of us would have survived. As it was we managed to escape injury until 8:30, when, the fire increasing in intensity, we left our holes and covered the distance to St. Juvin, a good part of it on our hands and knees. It was without one of our dearest comrades, however, for at 6:30 A. M. Pvt. Robert Mayne had been struck in the back by several shell-fragments, one of them finding the heart and causing instant death. On the following day we burried him close by where the shell fell, and later on erected a wooden cross over his grave. In addition to his death we had another casualty that night. It was that of Pvt. Alterici, who was affected by gas more seriously than the rest of us, and who was sent to the hospital, from where he was not released in time to rejoin the company.

A weary, exhausted, nerve-racked group of men it was indeed that, about noon November 1, assembled in a gully north of Sommerance to rest and dig in for the night. The artillery was still firing furiously, but the enemy's barrage had ceased very suddenly about 10 A. M. and now only occasional shells from long range rifles would explode in the vicinity. The weather was gloomy and the moist air chilled one to the bones. Yet it was with that meticulous care that is characteristic of worn-out men, that we prepared our fox-holes, carrying

boards and iron sheeting from abandoned machine-gunner's dugouts in order to make our "houses" as comfortable as possible, even though only for one night.

And in truth we left the next morning, setting out in two sections as had become our custom of late. The first sectioin, under Lieut. Le Veque, started from the old positions with guns and mules, and, following the road from St. Georges, passed through Imecourt to Siury-les-Buzancy, which is less than three kilometers south of Buzancy itself. The second section, under Lieutenants Thompson and Cobern, started across the battlefield with guns on one of the hand-carts, while the men carried the ammunition and their packs.

That, too, was an extremely disagreeable trip, over the shell-torn fields where the dead lay strewn about and one's feet sank continually in a glue-like mud such as France only can boast. We kept on as fast as we could, trudging towards Alliepont, and from there to Imecourt. I think by far the most redeeming feature of the trip was the opportunity it gave us to see at first hand the terrible havoc wrought by our own artillery. The German barrage had been very heavy, but had consisted chiefly of shells of smaller calibre, while our own guns had been, to a great extent, large calibre howitzers, etc. The enormous craters and the incredibly large number of them convinced us that if being under the German barrage had been hell, being under our own must have been worse than hell.

We stopped a few hours in Imecourt, and later went to Sivry, where we found the first section already lodged. The enemy was retreating much more hurriedly than had been expected, and the town was filled to more than its capacity by troops, guns, field-kitchens, etc. Many of us had to sleep in stables that first night. Under the circumstances, however, we were glad to find shelter anywhere and to enjoy a full night's rest without being

called out. It had been a real job to drag the heavy cart through the soggy mire for the many miles we had covered that day.

On the next day, November 3rd, the advance continued. Buzancy had been occupied by one battalion of infantry, which, passing through, had found only two Germans. There seemed little chance of our being really useful while things progressed so favorably. Still, it was necessary to be on hand in case we were needed. So the first section started out late in the afternoon and marching with heavy packs overtook the infantry just south of Sommauthe. Here they dug in and spent the night in the rain and mud. On the following days the infantry continued its rapid forward movement, while our men kept as close to the advancing battalion as possible. The weather continued miserable, and above Sommauthe the roads were unspeakably muddy, until finally it was barely possible for traffic to make any headway. The section eventually reached the hamlet of Warniforet, where it was held by orders pending a divisional relief.

In the meanwhile the second section was leading a rather uneventful existence in Sivry. Very little happened beyond occasional air battles, and, during the first days, the arrival of a few farewell shells. On the 6th his section, too, moved forward to Sommauthe, which was still under shell-fire from the east, though not from the north. Conditions in Sommauthe were even worse than in Sivry. It was practically impossible to find billets of any kind, while the congestion of traffic was worse than I had ever seen it before. Add to this the commotion caused by the arrival of hundreds of fugitives from towns further up. They came in droves, half-naked, hungry, exhausted, homeless, and were lodged on trucks, in the church, or in some of the buildings. The town was practically uninjured by

Remains of a Boche Trench in the Argonne
"The most redeeming feature was to see the terrible havoc wrought by our own artillery"

shell-fire, so that the quartering of troops in large numbers had proved quite feasible.

It was on the 7th of November that orders arrived recalling the entire company to Alliepont. The first section, which had been as far north as La Besace, packed up and started back, carrying all its possessions and material with it. That was on the 8th. On the way back the movement of the troops were very much hampered by the conditions of the traffic and by the refugees, whose pathetic plight readily gained the sympathy of the boys and induced them to further burden themselves by carrying the smaller children and some of the meagre belongings of the unfortunates. The section reached Sommauthe that evening, and slept in the quarters which the second section had left that same morning. Meanwhile this second section had marched back all day and reached its destination, where it was making the best of a dirty mudhole for a home. The rest of the company joined it there on the following day. It seemed good to be together once more, and after getting settled a bit I think we rather enjoyed those two days spent in sitting about the fire, "swapping" opinions about the coming armistice, and gathering in what we could still find in the way of souvenirs.

And then, on the very day the armistice was signed and only a few hours after it went into effect, we began loading our trucks and, saying a final farewell to the battle-line, started back to our rest billets at La Grange aux Bois. We had been in the fighting, without respite almost, for a little over two months, but they had been months of strenuous work, hardship and continuous danger. It was with little regret, then, that we left them for good, and, passing through Champigneulles and St. Juvin, followed the National Highway towards Clermont. We found our billets practically as we had left them two weeks previous, and, after a good night's rest, woke

in the morning to hear the greatest news that has ever reached the ear of man. And up there in Alliepont the few who had been left to load the last trucks, heard the news too, and celebrated as best they could by shooting German machine guns and Vérey lights, these last no doubt, that they would light the beaten foe on his "strategic" retreat to the Rhine.

CHAPTER VI.

"FINIE LA GUERRE!"

THE experiences of the company after the armistice was signed were so prosaic and seem so colorless as compared with the events of the two preceding months that there is little need of relating them in any detail. The great news was received with joy and the ringing of bells in the little town where we were quartered. But in France the occurrences of the past four years had made unlikely that any boisterous celebrations would long continue. I think what we felt most and what the people about us experienced most deeply was a sense of deliverance and gratitude. What a relief it was to see the bright auto lights gleaming on the white roads, and what a pleasure to look at the illuminated windows,—to be able once more to turn in at night without having to fear an air-raid.

On Wednesday night, November 13th, we gave a little exhibition shoot with thermite partly for the benefit of a company of British Royal Engineers who were temporarily attached to our regiment and who, having done only projector work themselves, were somewhat curious about thermite shot from Stokes Mortars, partly also in order to add a bit in the way of a general celebration. We later grew to be quite chummy with the Tommies, perhaps because they proved to be such excellent and fine-spirited collaborators in an amateur theatrical which

the two organizations staged in the local Y. M. C. A. on one evening of the week we were there.

As during our previous stay in La Grange aux Bois, the weather was beautiful, though somewhat chilly. We enjoyed ourselves very much by doing very little, and the persistent rumors of our early departure for the States served to keep us in high spirits. The rest of the regiment had been concentrated at Verdun, and we were expecting to leave for that historic place at almost any time.

Eventually we did set out on foot, starting early in the morning of November 20. We had 42 kilometers to cover, by no means a negligible distance. The day was perfect and for the first 15 kilometers I think we all enjoyed it. After that the hard roads began to tell on us more and more. Our road led us through Clermont, Parois and Dombasle. At this latter town we came up with a long train of artillery horses that were bound for Verdun, too. Their presence on the road made hiking all the more difficult, and since we could not lose them we were quite happy, all of us, when some of the regimental trucks from Verdun met us and took us the last seven miles. Night was already setting in when we passed through the great gate and under the masive, forbidding walls of the old fortress. The town did not seem so badly ruined as many of us had expected. Then we passed out of the walls again, and finally found ourselves billeted in some old French Army barracks in the Faubourg du Pavé. The weather was cold, the rooms large and chilly without windows and the bunks hard, so that we spent a rather uncomfortable two days there.

It was on the 22nd that we were moved to other barracks within the walls, and at the further side of the town. After cleaning them up we were very comfortably lodged, perhaps more comfortably than any-

where in France. We had ample opportunity to visit the town, which proved to be much more ruined than we had at first supposed. Most of us had a chance to see the great catacombic dugouts under the walls, and some even took a trip to the famous battlefields northeast of the town. We had very little to do, excepting for three regimental reviews that took place on successive afternoons and that necessitated a rather long walk through the city.

Then came Thanksgiving Day, and, unlike most organizations, we were not disappointed in the question of turkey, for an abundant supply had been brought from Paris. We had an enviable meal that day, with most of the favorite dishes we had been accustomed to enjoy in the States. Soon after preparations were started to move the entire regiment to the vicinity of Chaumont, where we were to await final orders for shipment. An early return to the States seemed certain, so much so, in fact, that we repacked our barracks-bag (which we had not seen since leaving La Ville aux Bois) for shipment, and were alarmed every time more than six men appeared on the morning call for the "sick, lame and lazy," (*aspirin-aspirants* the Germans called them).

Bright and early in the morning of Saturday, November 30, we set out in trucks, packed in like pickled herrings, and, after an all-day trip that took us through Bar-le-Duc, St. Dizier and Joinville, reached Choignes that same night. Perhaps if we had known how long was to be our stay at Choignes the waiting might have been somewhat more tolerable. As it was, we expected to stay but a short time, and consequently not only the continued delay was trying, but the inconveniences of conditions and weather also proved most distasteful. From the very beginning circumstances seemed hard. Most of us arrived after dark, and, after an all day's ride in the chill air, were cold and hungry. Had we not been very

tired, too, I doubt whether many would have slept that first night, lying on the ground in tin shacks or in some village barn. Never, during our stay in the vicinity, was the air so penetratingly chilly as during those first days.

Conditions were, to be sure, soon remedied, for, within a day or two the billets were supplied with stoves, lamps and, to some extent, at least, with wooden bunks and bed ticks. It takes a soldier but a very short time to make himself at home anywhere, and experience had long since taught us that even presumably the shortest stays may prove to be anything but brief. So it did not take us long to get comfortably settled, even as it did not take the office long to issue a complete schedule of drills and inspections. The weather grew mild again, raining almost incessantly and causing everywhere a deep layer of very adhesive mud. But the expectation of an early departure made all things more or less inconsequential, so that at first the company took quite pleasantly to the morning drills. As a drill field we used a fine meadow which lay between the street and the Marne, and which was admirably adapted to sports as well as to manoeuvres.

And the advisability of instituting a schedule of sporting contests soon became apparent, for the drizzly weather together with the very short days, made the hours of the evening seem most tedious and caused the men to feel more acutely than ever the desire to devote the few daylight hours to something more interesting than infantry drill. At first a football team was formed with a view toward playing with similar teams from the other companies. The connoisseurs in our own organization all agreed that we had exceptionally promising material, and everyone looked forward to the opening game. Unfortunately it was never played, partly because of the delay in forming teams in the other companies and partly because of the fact that the Marne, which last

summer had been nothing but a rivulet, was continually rising until, swelled by the continuous rains, it became a rushing, turbulent, unbridled torrent, the yellowish waters tearing along its course and finally half flooding our beautiful field. Incidentally it was our drill field as well as our athletic arena that suffered. At any rate it put an end to the dreams of the football fans.

In another branch of sport, however, the plans not only materialized, but even turned out as successfully as could ever have been hoped from the football. I am referring to the boxing matches. As far back as the Fort Myer days this had been a favorite pastime in the company, and there are few of us who do not recall the old ring down in the hollow behind the tents, where, night after night, members of the company challenged comers from other organizations.

At La Ville aux Bois, too, before the company went to the line, there had been one or two matches, in which our company had acquitted itself with distinction. It was with considerable enthusiasm, then, that boxing was revived at Choignes. Under the patronage of Captain Dayton training was started, the object in view being a decisive match between the first and second battalions. Company "F" co-operated very actively with our own organization so that when the great day finally arrived we felt quite well prepared for our rivals. It was on December 19th, a rainy day like most of the days we spent in the Chaumont area, that the fans boarded a truck and went to La Ville aux Bois, where the contest was to take place. Quite a considerable group of spectators had assembled there, among them numerous officers whose presence was to some extent indicative of the widespread interest. And those who went were well repaid for their trouble. The bouts proved exceptionally interesting and exciting, and the match turned out an unqualified success for our battalion and more particu-

larly for our company. The senior battalion won but a single bout, that of the heavy-weight class. The light-weight and bantam-weight bouts were both won by our company, the former by Private Sweet, the latter by Private Caroselli. The results were not a surprise to anyone, for we were well aware of the talent we possessed; on the other hand, the outcome could hardly have been more gratifying. Company "E" did not lose a single event.

For the entertainment of those for whom pugilism held no appeal provision was also made. Not long after our arrival the amateur show which had been so successful at La Grange aux Bois was again staged, this time in the local Y. M. C. A. tent and, of course, in a considerably altered form. It proved very successful and was followed by various other entertainments under the direction of Sergeant Tieman and with the assistance of the Y. M. C. A. at Chaumont. Perhaps the most memorable of these little performances was that given by the American Harry Lauder and his troupe. All in all, the theatricals helped to take the dreariness out of many a long, rainy, muddy evening, and helped the men at least for a time to forget the eternal question, "When do we go home?"

Never shall we forget how prominent that question was in the minds of all of us, nor how maddening was the desire to get away. At first it had seemed reasonably certain that we should leave on the 15th or thereabouts. Every rumor that indicated such an early departure was eagerly pounced upon, and there were enough of them. When the barracks bags were unpacked and the squad boxes supplied in their stead it seemed that the prospects were unquestionable. We packed them in fervent haste, had them inspected and began to wait, packs rolled, wooden bunks gradually disappearing when firewood was scarce or too wet. But the wait proved a long one.

Day after day passed in desultory drilling and working, to say nothing of the guard duty that came every third day. Already the first Christmas boxes were arriving, and still we were hoping. Some of the boys lost hope, I believe, for otherwise it would be almost impossible to explain why they should have signed up to stay in France for a number of months. This was in connection with a regimental platoon to consist of volunteers who were to make a tour of various camps to exhibit the work of the regiment. Quite a number of men submitted their names and, changing their minds, withdrew them. The more determined, and those who were actually accepted, were Lieutenants Cobern and Mousby, Engineer Palacki, Sergeant T. D. Taylor, Corporals McMahan and Dowd and Privates Eden, Grigsby, Nardiello, Pruette and Rust. The little group left the company just before Christmas. Most of those who went were old members of the organization and it was hard to see them go, especially while most of us still had hopes of leaving for home before long. When last heard from the platoon was still in the vicinity of Tours, whither they had gone after leaving the company.

And then, in the midst of our hopes and discouragement, came Christmas. The first snow fell just about that time, a soft, thin, white veil that barely covered the ground and yet clothed the landscape in a finer radiance than it had had even in the summer. It was a distinct relief after the weeks of almost unintermittent rain, but it made Christmas perhaps even more sombre by reminding us of the homeland and the comforts we had been hoping to enjoy by that time. From a material point of view, however, the festival was more successful than could have been expected. Turkey had again been ordered from Paris, and, with other unusual delicacies, served to make a real feast. During the afternoon and

evening many of the men found recreation and entertainment in Chaumont, for which town passes were quite generously issued during our stay at Choignes.

At Christmas the outlook for our departure was poor enough. But in reality, it was no longer indefinite nor far off. It soon became known that we were to leave shortly and all preparations were pushed with a vim. The weather improved somewhat, though it still continued raining freakishly during the greater part of the time. Tuesday, December 31, was the day fixed for the great event. It was one occasion on which the top sergeant had no difficulty in getting the company out in the small hours of the morning. The cooks served an early breakfast, and by daylight all policing and packing was completed, so that by 7:30 we were ready to fall out. It was a long but welcome march up the winding, hilly road to Chaumont, but neither that nor the touching farewells of the inhabitants of Choignes could detract or diminish the enthusiasm of the boys. Everything was going fine until we learned that the cars that were to take us to the coast had not yet arrived. Then we spent several anxious hours on the boulevard near the station, victims of the capricious showers, whiling away the time in eating ham or cheese sandwiches, which, at an incredibly extortionate price, could be had in a restaurant close by. At last the long train of cars arrived and, after scraping six inches of manure off the floors and replacing it by new straw, we were ready to entrain. Our trip this time was to be not in passenger coaches, but in freight or box cars. Fortunately, however, these were not of the famous "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8" brand. On the contrary, they were American cars of a large and new type. I'm sure they would have proved very comfortable had it not been necessary to crowd so many men into one car. In many there were upward of sixty.

CHOIGNES ON THE MARNE

"Perhaps if we had known how long was to be our stay at Choignes, the waiting might have been more tolerable"

We were quite ready, however, to put up with anything so long as we were going in the homeward direction. The train was pulled by an American locomotive manned by American engineers, so we had hopes of making good time, at least better time than we had been able to make on the journey from Brest to Chaumont. As a matter of fact, we travelled at a very good rate, and should have reached our destination in a couple of days, perhaps, if we had taken the same direct route which we covered last summer. But we went in a curve, striking south first through Langres and Dijon, then west through Nevers, Bourges and Tours, then northward to Le Mans, from which our road led west again through Laval to Brest. On the whole the trip passed quite satisfactorily. The weather was mild and fair throughout and the food exceptionally good, due chiefly to expenditures from the company fund, as a result of which we had chocolates, jam and fresh bread to take the place of bully beef and hard tack. At some of the larger stations we were served with hot coffee, which went a long way toward making us feel comfortable. The chief difficulty was encountered during the nights when, in each car, every one of some sixty odd lanky Yanks tried to stretch out at full length on the floor. To do this was physically impossible, so a situation usually arose in which legs were piled two or more feet high in the centre of the car. After a while the particular pair of legs that was most oppressed would revolt, throw off its oppressors and soon the far-reaching effects of the movement would be felt through the entire car. They would become audible, too, for everyone felt it his duty to heap imprecations on the head of the unknown rebel. One night, I remember, in our car, a brilliant recruit laid a case full of hard-tack on a pile of these sleeping legs, thinking to economize space in that way. The legs, however, immediately and simul-

taneously awoke and pushed the case further along where another heap of indignant limbs rose and passed it on. For quite a while the heavy case surged about, no one daring to withdraw his legs from under it, because of its weight. Finally a resourceful veteran shoved open one of the doors and the dangerous case, the inscription on which had been obnoxious for some time, was promptly conducted to and through the open door.

So time passed in smoking, eating and arguing (not in sleeping, God knows!) until after a journey of two days and three nights, one fine morning we pulled into Brest, where the sight of the sea and the ships riding at anchor in the harbor soon revived our spirits and our hopes.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR LAST BATTLE AND HOMEWARD BOUND

During our leisure hours on the train we had had ample opportunity to speculate on our probable stay at Brest, if not to formulate hopes that perchance we might go on board directly from the train. The disillusionment that was to follow was, then, particularly bitter. To begin with, we were surprised to find the water-front quite changed from what it had been last summer. Everywhere large warehouses had been constructed, powerful cranes erected and railroad facilities amplified. Soon after detraining the regiment had its first experience in connection with the large mess halls. Leaving our packs in a large shed, we were taken for breakfast at an enormous kitchen which, as we later learned, was for the purpose of feeding details at work on the docks. Since it was practically a replica of the troop kitchens at the camp, it may not be inappropriate to say a few words about it here. The chief features of it were its capacity and its system. Lining up in what seemed like endless columns outside the shed, the men file by the serving benches and into the dining compartment. This latter is a large shed containing hundreds of long benches and about breast-high, from which the men feed in a standing position. Since the hall has no flooring and it rains almost continuously in the vicinity of Brest, the ground under foot usually becomes a deep,

sticky mud. After gulping down one's slum amid the pushing and jostling of the circulating crowd, one leaves by the further end and tries to clean one's mess-kit in a barrel of greasy water.

Having breakfasted in this fashion we set out up the long, winding hill in the direction of the Pontanezan Barracks. We were in good spirits, the weather was fair, and we were relieving our feelings at the expense of the innocent M. P.'s, all of which made the long, uphill grind more tolerable. Soon, however, we were informed that any questionable remarks as to M. P.'s or S. O. S. men would be radically dealt with and that the authorities of the said down-trodden S. O. S. would take measures to keep the offenders in Brest for an indefinite time. The prospect held more terrors for us than any shells or machine guns could have inspired.

At one time we had hoped that on our way back through Brest we should not be quartered again in the old Napoleon barracks within the walls. Soon after our arrival at the camp, however, we wished only too earnestly that such had been our fate. For to say that our surprise knew no bounds would hardly be putting it too strongly. In the embarkation camp at Brest the old Pontanezan Barracks plays only a very minor part. For possibly two or more miles beyond the barracks the surrounding country was built up with tin shacks, troop kitchens or tents. It was for one of these tented areas that we were destined, and, as a matter of fact, it was the most remote corner of the camp. As we were trudging wearily along the crowded road it began to rain again—that cold, driving rain that had been the usual thing ever since Thanksgiving. We were chilled and drenched, then, when, after stumbling over a long, wretched road, we reached our destination.

Our tents, we found, were situated in an area where the mud was at its deepest. It is not surprising, then,

that within the tents the ground was not only muddy, but that in many of them the water was standing in large puddles. It had been raining for many days and the sides of the tents were rolled up; that accounts for the condition in which we found them. Moreover, there were no bunks in any of them and stoves in only three or four. Of firewood there was no trace anywhere. Under these circumstances the reader can well imagine what our first night was like, a case of sleeping in the mud and keeping warm as best one could with wet clothes on and damp blankets only at one's disposal.

The next morning we got up, or rather, were gotten out, at an early hour, while it was still dark. It was only one morning of many similar ones to follow—wrapping oneself in a clammy slicker and drawing on soaking wet shoes and gloves, wading through mud ankle-deep, trudging somewhat over a mile to a kitchen, standing in an almost interminable line, while the cold rain beat down upon one, and, dripping from either end of one's cap, trickled clear down one's neck and back. And then the kitchens, where a lot of marine recruits, lately arrived overseas, glorying in their bit of authority, raged and raved till they made one's fists itch. The food in itself was fairly good, though by the time one had followed the intricate windings of complex labyrinthine passages and found a foot of space at one of the benches it was usually cold or at best luke-warm.

After meals one could return to the mud-hole if, perchance, the company was so fortunate as not to be on a detail. These details were of various kinds. At first they were in connection with supplying ourselves with means of existence, carrying wet duck-boards to sleep on and procuring a limited and insufficient number of stoves with a few sticks of wet, green wood for each. Later on they were of a more important nature, dealing with work connected with the camp. The first of these

took us out to dig in an enormous pit, destined for garbage. The rain was particularly cold that day and the wind high; at the same time, there was room for only about one-third of the men to work in the pit and for them it was well-nigh impossible to accomplish anything in the rocky soil. So we stood about, reeking wet and cold, till finally we were permitted to take refuge in an empty shack. On another occasion we got up at four A. M. in order to get breakfast and board trucks for Brest, where we spent the day on the freight cars. The worst part of that particular detail was the fact that we could not help seeing various organizations marching by on their way to the boat,—lucky dogs, we thought them, to be getting out of that hell-hole.

After a time we began to get night details, the first one at Brest, unloading lumber from a large freighter. It was a beastly night and we had to wait an exceptionally long time for the trucks that were to take us down. As I think back on those hours of misery—useless misery and discomfort,—I realize to the full my inability to adequately picture what we and thousands of others of the "brave and victorious American boys" suffered at the hands of the S. O. S. authorities. If, in my predicament, I appeal to any of the boys for assistance, they usually burst out in a violent stream of invective so strong that it would hardly be fit for appearance in print. At any rate, one thing we learned, namely, that rain and mud can go a longer way toward taking the heart out of man than can shot or shell, and that one does not need to go to the front to find a battle. No less deeply impressed on our minds than the thrilling events on the line will be those stormy nights when our most cherished love letters and, despite the most rigid regulations, the duck-boards, too, went toward building a fire around which we huddled, waiting for the gust that was to tear the tent from its moorings.

In all this there was one consolation—conditions were gradually improving and the indications were that it could not last forever. It does not take a soldier long to make the best of a bad thing, so that we were soon as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Moreover, some attention was being paid to our equipment, and the first of a long series of inspections were being held. All of which led us to hope for an early departure. The inspection for cooties revealed the fact that in many cases the little pests had found good grazing in the company. Their prosperity, was, however, to be but short-lived, for after a bath and a thorough oil treatment, they made their appearance only very spasmodically and in very limited numbers. As to the equipment, that, too, was rigidly inspected. On the significant day that his highness, the camp inspector, was to make his tour, we were quite aflutter, just like recruits. When finally he arrived, we all wore our best smile while, to the music of the band, the officers conducted the inspector about. We were later given to understand that he was quite delighted and that the ordeal had been successfully passed.

It seemed that from that time on things improved. Even as regards the weather, this applies, for occasionally we had an hour or two of clear sky. The big event, however, was moving from the tents to tin barracks near the walls. There was nothing particularly wonderful about these galvanized iron shacks, but at least we no longer had to worry about the tents blowing down and besides there were wire bunks. Wood for the stoves was also accessible, and we had duck-boards on which to walk. Best of all, though, was the kitchen, which not only fed as good or better than any of the five we ate at during our stay at Brest, but was within a hundred yards of our barracks. At dinner we now had a band, to the "jazz" of which we could chew our food by the numbers and digest it rhythmically. Day by day the

weather improved and details came at ever greater intervals. To minister to our comfort we were even supplied with two extra blankets, while a delayed pay-day brought the wherewithal to make a visit to the Y. M. C. A. worth while.

All this was, of course, well enough, and was appreciated for what it was worth. But with us the pressing question was ever "When do we go home?" Toward the fifteenth of the month we felt sure that we were going, and the betting was spirited. But the days passed and we were still on detail, still waiting. After a while even the rumors died away, as is usual before the rumored event comes to pass. The first indication of our approaching departure, and one which but few recognized as such, was a very rigid physical examination to which we were subjected and a very hurried trip to the delousing plant, for the few who were found afflicted with the persistent cooties. That was on a Wednesday. We were due for a detail that night and some of us grew suspicious when it did not come. Then, next day, rumors were rampant in the company once again. This time, however, they seemed well-founded. That same afternoon we had a personal inspection with full packs and the billets were thoroughly policed. After that things went quickly. Full instructions as to conduct and procedure were issued, blankets were turned in, packs were not to be broken, and reveille was fixed for 3:15 A. M. But few of us slept at all that night. After reveille the billets were again policed, and at 5:00 A. M. we had a special breakfast. From that time until 7:30, when we fell out, we sat around the dying fires, smoking and worrying.

When the company had been formed there began that long series of waits characteristic of all important moves. The packs were heavy, but at first we did not mind that so much. The worst of it was that we were "at ease,"

not permitted to speak or smoke. This was a camp regulation, and it further specified that we should march through the camp at attention. I hardly know whether we felt more jubilant at leaving or more indignant at the imposition of this and similar orders. But it could not be helped; it was a choice between asserting ourselves and going home. We unanimously chose the latter. So we marched out, units of a victorious army on their way home tramping through and out of the camp, along the hilly miles to the city and through it to the docks. It was a hard hike, made harder yet by the bitter thought that we were obliged to leave like a pack of slinking, whipped curs the country to which we had come prepared to give gladly all we had in us.

It was a keen, brisk morning on which we finally embarked. As we came down the hill from the upper city we saw that there were at least three transports in the harbor, two large four-stackers, and, further out, a two-stacker. We hoped to get on one of the former, and were, perhaps, somewhat disappointed when the lighter passed by both of them and made off in the direction of the two-stacker. As we approached it, however, we were soon reconciled, for she was a larger ship than we had supposed. Moreover, we found that rumor had been right, she was the Royal Mail Steamer "Celtic." From the smoking funnels we conjectured that she would probably sail soon.

Somehow, from the very moment we approached her the ship gave the impression of quiet and comfort, perhaps because of the presence of only a few people on the decks, among whom were several ladies as well as members of the regular crew. In general it was quite a different spectacle than was the appearance of the "President Grant," swarming with troops and sailors. We went aboard about 2:30 P. M. and from that moment wonders multiplied. Instead of filing down into the con-

gested and gloomy bowels of the ship we were conducted to the first deck, into a large, roomy compartment, well-lighted and with portholes for ventilation. There were long, clean wooden tables and benches, hammocks with heavy, white blankets, which were slung in the same room at night, clean wash-rooms, and, above all, plenty of room on the decks. The food, too, was exceptionally good, a fact which, together with the convivial spirit at the tables, made our meals (breakfast, dinner and "tea") enjoyable times indeed. Nor was our patience long tried in waiting for the ship to pull out. At five in the afternoon she turned around and, nosing into a keen breeze, started out toward the setting sun.

No group of men was ever more anxious to get to its destination, but this fact did not detract in any way from our enjoyment of the trip. The weather was almost invariably fair and the sea reasonably calm. On only one or two days was it so cold that it was uncomfortable outside. But we were bucking a stiff wind all the way, and it was invigorating, indeed, to sit on the deck, smoking and reading, or chatting while the crystal spray dashed away from the ship. In the evening the decks were illuminated (all so unlike the trip over) so that a little promenade before turning in was all that could be desired. As to troublesome regulations and disagreeable work, there was none. Minor cleaning details and one guard were the only demands made on our time. There were only some 2,500 souls aboard, so that, with our own regiment the dominant organization, we felt quite at home, certainly happy and contented. Without exception we agreed that in the transport of troops life could hardly be made more pleasant than was ours while "Homeward Bound."

And then, on Saturday afternoon, the keenest eyes sighted a lighthouse. Everyone was on deck and there were endless arguments until eventually we could all see

it. Words cannot describe our delight. We stood as though rooted to the spot, and gradually the low-lying land of Fire Island rose from the sea. A little later we passed the lightship. After that wonders multiplied quickly, for within a short time land appeared on the other side, too. Before long we saw the glistening lights of Long Island and by nightfall we were in the lower bay, where the pilot came aboad and we later dropped anchor. No one slept much that night. Till a late hour we stayed up and watched the lights. At four in the morning we were up again, in readiness to go. Towards eight o'clock the ship weighed anchor and we were on our way up the harbor, past the wonderful lady of our dreams and to the dock. During this little trip we were accompanied by the patrol boat of the Mayor's Committee, by which we were given our first ovation. At the pier, too, there were crowds waiting for us, and, as usual, the good old Red Cross with some real coffee and rolls, to say nothing of the candy or cigarettes.

It was the ill fate of our first platoon to be assigned the detail for handling the baggage of the regiment. We didn't care, for nothing mattered after we were once on American soil again. Nevertheless it proved to be anything but a negligible bit of work, for it involved handling some 250 to 300 squad boxes and supply cases, 75 odd trunks and 80 bed-rolls, to say nothing of a heap of bags and packs. These we had to transfer from one place to another on the pier, then load aboard a lighter, unload again onto freight cars on the Long Island side, and later partly unload at Camp Mills, where the regiment had gone. Since there were only some 25 to 30 men available in the platoon, it was a hard job, and it was after 1:00 A. M. when we finally got to bed.

But that was all. We soon found that little or nothing was expected of us over here. The barracks were very comfortable and the food incredibly good. On Tuesday

morning we were thoroughly and effectively deloused for the last time and then permitted to go to New York. On the following day we turned out early, and after the usual delays, entrained for Lakehurst, N. J. It involved a trip on the ferry and another lunch by the Red Cross, so it was already afternoon when we reached our last camp. At Lakehurst the town turned out to welcome us, making us feel thoroughly that everyone was glad to see us and that all would be done to make us enjoy our stay.

By supper time we had reached Camp Kendrick, had filled our bed-ticks with new straw and received our two extra blankets. We found the camp small but very pleasant, with good kitchens and comfortable, though somewhat close, quarters. Within a day or two the last regimental parade took place, on which occasion the company was also photographed. And this brings me to the last words of my narrative, written while the boys are either at camp or on pass nearby, each and everyone waiting for that wonderful document,—the discharge. For, though we have been through hell together and know that many times in the years to come we shall miss the comradeship of the buddies and friends of our army days, we are, after all, essentially a peaceful lot, quite ready to forget the shot and shell, the gas and flame, and return, each in his own way, to the pursuits of civilian life, to win our future laurels in the fields of peace.

MUD, MUD, MUD !

Rain, mud; mud, rain;
Dark November, old Lorraine,
Dug-outs, barbed wire,
Rations of iron, sauce of mire—
Who will trade his homely fire
For the mud, mud, mud?

Mud, rain, rain, mud;
Dragging feet, aching thud,
Day sleep, nightmare,
Clamor of gongs, gassed air—
He who is dry, who will dare
The mud, mud, mud?

Rain, mud, mud, rain—
Into Hell and out again!
Dry roof, good bread,
Back in the States, my old Homestead—
And I left it all to merely tread
The mud, mud, mud!

R. B. M.

In Memoriam

Lieutenant John V. Fleming

It is with profound regret that we record here the death of one of our most beloved leaders, Lieutenant John V. Fleming. During the never-to-be-forgotten drive through the Argonnes, Lieutenant Fleming was leading a section of Company E just north of Fleville. It was at this point that the enemy had put up such a fierce resistance, for firmly emplaced in the famous Freya Stellung, he had brought our infantry to a standstill. It was Lieutenant Fleming's purpose to break the line with a well timed gas show. Previous to the attack, on the morning of October 15th, he was summoned to the post of commandment, whereupon he set out at once with two runners on the road to Sommerance. At eight o'clock, midst enemy harassing fire, a fragment from a Boche shell lodged in his lower right chest. He was immediately removed to Mobile Hospital No. 2, near Varennes, but succumbed the next morning at seven-thirty. The funeral was held soon after, and he was buried in honors by his own men in the officers' graveyard at Varennes.

Lieutenant Fleming was born in San Francisco in 1891, and was educated at St. Mary's College. For several years he specialized in highway and irrigation work in California. When war broke out with Germany, he enlisted in the Fourth Company, Engineer Officers' Training School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and on receiving his commission, was stationed with the Fifth Engineers at Louisville, Ky. In the spring of 1918 he was transferred to the 30th Engineers, "Gas and Flame," at Fort Myer, Va., where Company E was organized. He was married a little over a year when he crossed

overseas, his wife returning to her home in Vallejo, California. In France he was ever with his men, who soon recognized his capable leadership and generous democratic friendship. Both behind the lines and in action, he won our implicit faith; this, even more than fearlessness and bravery, is the greatest tribute we can render.

Private Robert M. Mayne

THERE was amongst us a comrade well beloved by all. From beginning to end he shared our hardships and our victories. At Fort Myer, at Ville aux Bois, at St. Mihiel, and clear through the Argonne Forests, he proved himself an ardent, virile soldier. The war was so near an end when he gave his life, that for most of us it is hard to realize that good old Bobby Mayne has "gone West."

Robert M. Mayne was born in 1899, in Huntington, Ind., was educated at Huntington High School, and was engaged in automobile work previous to the war. He enlisted February 21st, 1918, in the 30th Engineers, and came over with Captain Dayton's boys. He participated in every all-American drive in France; but on October 31st, that fateful Hallowe'en night, he was hit by a high explosive shell while on a carrying party in No Man's Land. Death came instantly. The next morning, after the infantry advanced, he was buried by his own men about half a mile east of St. Juvin, on the St. Georges Road.

CASUALTY LIST

OFFICERS

DIED OF WOUNDS

Fleming, John V., 1st Lieut.----------Oct. 15th, 1918, Varennes.

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED

Richardson, Ralph B., 1st Lieut.----------Sept. 8th, Oct. 28th, 1918, recovered.

ENLISTED

KILLED IN ACTION

Mayne, Robert M., Pvt.----------Nov. 1st, 1918, St. Juvin.

DIED OF DISEASE

Maeding, Jack, Pvt.----------January, 1919.

SERIOUSLY WOUNDED

Noel, Prosper L., Pvt. 1st Cl.----------Sept. 29th, 1918, recovered, in hospital.
Miller, L. P., Corp.----------Oct. 2nd, 1918, recovered.
Murray, John J., Corp.----------Oct. 2nd, 1918, recovered, returned to U.S.A.
Taylor, R. I., Pvt. 1st Cl.----------Oct. 2nd, 1918, recovered, returned to U.S.A.
Wachter, John J., Pvt. 1st Cl.----------Oct. 2nd, 1918, recovered.
Powers, Elmer J., Pvt.----------Sept. 22nd, 1918, recovered.

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED

Brickey, Merle O., Pvt.----------Nov. 1st, 1918, in hospital.
Casey, John F., Sgt.----------Oct. 28th, 1918, in hospital.
Harmon, Forrest D., Corp.----------October, 1918, recovered.
Hyett, Roland, Pvt.----------Oct. 5th, 1918, recovered.
Palackey, Frank P., M. Engr.----------Oct. 2nd, recovered.
Patterson, James T., Pvt. 1st Cl.----------Oct. 5th, recovered.
Pruette, Otto, Pvt.----------Sept. 29th, 1918, recovered.
Rolands, Emrys, Pvt.----------Oct. 2nd, 1918, recovered.
Shuckerow, Frederick J., Corp.----------Nov. 1st, recovered.
Smith, Dan, Pvt.----------Sept. 12th, 1918, recovered.
Tuttle, George W., Sgt.----------Sept. 29th, 1918, in hospital.

SLIGHTLY GASSED

Alterici Louis, Pvt.----------Nov. 1st, 1918, in hospital.
Sander, Jacob D., Pvt.----------Sept. 12th, 1918, recovered.
Stockman, E. J., Pvt.----------Oct. 30th, 1918, recovered.

MISSING IN ACTION

Kroog, Aaron, Pvt.----------Nov. 1st, 1918, dropped.
Finelli, Dominico, Pvt.----------Nov. 1st, 1918, dropped.

DROPPED ON ACCOUNT OF SICKNESS OR INJURY

Anthony, Richard L., Corp.
Brassaemle, Robert M., Pvt.
Brightman, James H., Pvt.
Brittaine, Herbert, Corp.
Curtis, Ray E., Sgt.
Durea, Edward R., Pvt.
Fischer, John W., Pvt.
Fite, William A., Pvt.
Hall, Frank C., Pvt.
Howard, Benjamin E., Pvt.
Hoover, Charles, Pvt.
Hurdle, Harry, Pvt.
Jacobs, Claude E., Pvt.
Jenkinson, Roy A., Pvt.
Kommer, Harry, Pvt.
Lalone, Ralph L., Pvt.
Manette, John M., Pvt.
Marx, Nicholas, Pvt.
Messmer, Charles, Cook.
Mohn, Newton C., Pvt.
Montgomery, Pearl E., Pvt.
Morrison, Frederick, Corp.
McIntyre, Robert A., Sgt.
Pennington, Yates, Pvt.
Rainey, Maurice A., Pvt.
Roberts, Myron, Pvt.
Shiflet, George A., Pvt. 1st Cl.
Tennant, Walter J., Pvt.
Wegis, Anthony, Pvt.
Williams, John, Pvt.
Zangger, Karl, Corp.

THE ROSTER

Note:—o indicates men of the original company.
a indicates men who became subsequently attached.
d indicates men who were dropped permanently from the company.
x indicates men who stayed in Europe with the exhibition platoon.

OFFICERS

Dayton, Roscoe B., Capt. Engrs. (o)--------1121 15th St., Augusta Ga.
Luder, Earl E., Capt. C.W.S. (o)----------214 North East 5th St., Washington, Ind.
Paine, Albert W., Capt. C.W.S. (a,d)-------1498 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

Brodesser, R. A., 1st. Lieut. C.W.S (a,d)--552 Summit Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
Fleming, John V., 1st. Lieut. Engrs. (o,d)--520 Capitol St., Vallejo, Cal.
Le Veque, Leslie, 1st Lieut. C.W.S. (a)-----321 East Arch St., Marquette, Mich.
Richardson, Ralph B., 1st Lieut. C.W.S. (o) 341 Magnolia Ave,, Long Beach, Cal.
Robinson, W. B., 1st Lieut. C.W.S. (a,d)---407 Delaware Ave., So. Bethlehem, Pa.
Trammel, Scott, 1st Lieut. C.W.S. (a,d)----1006 H St. N. E., Washington, D. C.

Burr, George C., 2nd Lieut. C.W.S. (o)----Jefferson St., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Campbell, Fred'k C., 2nd Lieut. C.W.S. (a)--5669 Ridge Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Cobern, Camden, 2nd Lieut. C.W.S. (a,x)---Phi Kappa Psi, Allegheny College, Neadeville, Pa.
Hitchins, Rob't H., 2nd Lieut. C.W.S. (o,d)--Frostburg, Md.
Mousby, Paul F., 2nd Lieut. C.W.S. (a,x)--656 Pacific St., San Francisco, Cal.
Nutty, Pitt McCoy 2nd Lieut. C.W.S (a)---Schenley Hotel, Pittsburg, Pa.
Thompson, Lauren, 2nd Lieut, C.W.S. (a)--1523 Frick Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

ENLISTED

Palackey, Frank P., Master Engr. (a,x)---17 South Robinson St., Baltimore, Md.

Hughes, Jennings P., 1st Sgt. (o)----------711 5th St., New Martinsville, W. Va.

Allen, Arthur C., Sgt. 1st Cl. (o)---------Buhl, Ida.
Kent, Victor H., Sgt. 1st C. (o)----------Lebanon, Ore.
Taylor, Thomas D., Sgt. 1st Cl. (o,x)------1416 Otto Blvd., Chicago Hts., Cook Co., Ill.
Test, Clarence R., Sgt. 1st Cl. (o)---------Fort Scott, Kansas.
Tieman, Arnold W., Sgt. 1st Cl. (o)--------422 West 48th St., N. Y. City
Tuttle, Mearl J., Sgt. 1st Cl. (o)----------Paraiso, Canal Zone, Panama

Henry, Duncan C., Sgt., Supply (o)--------Goldfield, Ia.

Casey, John F., Sgt. (o,d)----------525 N. Chestnut St., Seymour, Ind.
Chaty, Arthur, Sgt. (a)----------2104 Derby St., Berkley, Cal.
Collier, Edward C., Sgt., (o)----------311 Stanton St., Bay City, Mich.
Curtis, Ray E., Sgt. (o,d)----------407 Mississippi Ave., Joliet, Ill.
Davis, Clarence G., Sgt. (a)----------Box 112, Charleston, Wash.
Gilmore, Clayton, Sgt. (o)----------131 So. 9th St., Reading, Pa.

Herza, Frederick W., Sgt. (o)---Box 1338, Fort Worth, Tex.
Langer, William L., Sgt. (o)---16 Carver St., Cambridge, Mass.
Lusk, Thomas S., Sgt. (a)---Falls City, Ore.
McDade, Edward B., Sgt. (o)---312 No. 2nd St., McAllister, Okla.
McIntyre, Robert A., Sgt. (o,d)---69 Willis St., New Bedford, Mass.
Rick, Forrest I., Sgt. (a)---314 Andre Ave., Mount Pleasant, Mich.
Torrey, Prescott H., Sgt. (o)---25 Spear St., Quincy, Mass.
Tuttle, George W., Sgt. (o,d)---933 West 7th St., Cincinnati, O.
Weldy, Daniel W., Sgt. (o)---341 Trueman Ave., Hammond, Ind.

Adams, Howard H., Corp. (o)---35 Greenville Ave., Limanville, R. I.
Anthony, Richard L., Corp. (o,d)---1312 Garfield Ave., Canton, O.
Bandurraga, Thomas M., Corp. (o)---1442 Toberman St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Brittain, Herbert, Corp. (o,d)---299 Grove St., Akron, O.
Coe, Foster, Corp. (o)---Wray, Colo.
Day, Robin D., Corp. (o)---1190 So. Liberty St., Salem, Ore.
Dowd, Patrick, Corp. (o,x)---15 No. Root St., Aurora, Ill.
Erskine, Ralph M., Corp. (o)---700 No. Jefferson St., Bay City, Mich.
Garnier, James J., Corp. (o)---Lovelocks, Nev.
Gray, Chas. P., Corp. (o)---308 Garrard St., Covington, Ky.
Haller, Edward J., Corp. (o)---906 East Oak St., New Albany, Ind.
Hamilton, Amos, Corp. (o)---Fickle, Ind.
Hannemann, Joseph J., Corp. (o)---6422 West Dakin St., Chicago, Ill.
Hansen, Einer A., Corp. (o)---5917 Byron St., Chicago, Ill.
Harmon, Forrest D., Corp. (o)---R.F.D. No. 2, Bellefontaine, O.
Heagney, William T., Corp. (o)---19 Dix St., Worcester, Mass.
Johnston, Ralph A., Corp. (a,x)---Kamiah, Ida.
Lively, Carlos A., Corp. (o)---216 North Garfield St., Oblong, Ill.
McMahon, Earl E., Corp (o,x)---317 Addison St., Washington, Pa.
Miller, L. P., Corp. (o)---Riceville, Ia.
Morrison, Frederick, Corp. (o,d)---2104 Jefferson St., Ogden, Utah
Murray, John J., Corp. (o,d)---24 Oak St., Cambridge, Mass.
Neighbours, Ray, Corp. (o)---McCredie, Mo.
O'Neil, James, Corp. (o)---98 Laurel St., Fitchburg, Mass.
Peterson, Clarence R., Corp. (o)---597 Michigan Ave., Hammond, Ind.
Ryg, Clarence W., Corp. (o)---Slater, Ia.
Shanks, Robert G., Corp. (o)---Hannah, N. D.
Shuckerow, Frederick J., Corp. (o)---28 Pliny St., Hartford, Conn.
Sivard, Dean V., Corp (o)---Steubenville, O.
Spriggs, Herbert S., Corp. (o)---Eureka, Utah
Taylor, George W., Corp. (o)---c/o Lab. Swift & Co., East St. Louis, Ill.
Wenzel, Rudolph A., Corp. (o)---R.F.D. No. 5, Box 18, St. Joseph, Mo.
Williams, William C., Corp. (o)---R.R. No. 3, Portersville, Pa.
Zangger, Karl, Corp. (o,)---Marcus, Ia.

Collins, Joseph, Cook (a)---633 Cottage St., New Bedford, Mass.
Keating, John T., Cook (o)---113 Cleveland Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Long, Elmer, Cook (o)---Town Creek, N. C.
Messmer, Chas., Cook (o,d)---Hamburg, Ia.
Peck, John H., Cook (o)---340 Grandview Ave., South Bellevue, Ky.

Baumgartner, Herman F., Wagoner (o)---Berne, Ind.
Crain, Hersey N., Wagoner (o)---Waverly, Ill.
Flores, Frank A., Wagoner (a)---609½ Kansas St., El Paso, Tex.

McMillan, Harvey C., Wagoner (o)--------715 Lakeview Blvd., Seattle, Wash.
Murphy, Walter, Wagoner (o)----------1123 Lake Ave., Elyria, O.

Watkins, John, Bugler (o)----------609 E. Market St., Mahanoy City, Pa.

Adams, Clyde, Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------741 W. Center St., Marion, O.
Ahl, Leslie, Pvt. 1st Cl. (a)----------178 Washington St., Malden, Mass.
Arndt, Ralph M., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)---------Hutchinson, Minn.
Barker, James F., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------R.F.D. No. 2, Pennsboro, W. Va.
Blair, Lester D., Pvt 1st Cl. (o)----------Iowa Apts. No. 4, Washington, D. C.
Brassaemle, Robert M., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)-----431 Crouse St., Akron, O.
Clifford, Carl R., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------104 West 1st St., Middletown, O.
Conn, Asahel E., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------New Richmond, Ind.
Corbett, William L., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)------R.F.D. No. 1, Minamac, Ind.
Cottingham, William H., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)---R. R. No. 3, Noblesville, Ind.
Dimick, Earl A., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------Minerva, N. Y.
Dyker, Gordon S., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)---------205 Smith Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Edmonds, Edward M., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)------Terrace P. O., Homeville, Pa.
Erskine, George R., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)--------267 Selden Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Fisher, Jack C., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------114 21st St., Warwood, Wheeling, W. Va.
Flannery, Stephan P., 1st Cl. (o)----------368 44th St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Fuhrman, Paul C., Pvt. 1st Cl. (a)---------Columbiana, O.
Giffin, Warley, Pvt. 1st Cl. (a)----------Mineral, O.
Gries, Frank F., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------1504 Arthur Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Halk, Nathan B., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------1103 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.
Hancock, James, Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------65 Meridian St., East Boston, Mass.
Haught, Albert B., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)---------220 25th St., Bellaire, O.
Horne, Thomas, Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------316 Poplar St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Hughes, Patrick, Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------U. S. A.
Hurley, John W., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------14 Lauder St., East Lynn, Mass.
Kaufman, Marshall F., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)-----153 Bellaire Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Kenney, Raymond F., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)------434 E. 52nd St., No. Portland, Ore.
Kommer, Harry Z., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o,d)-----1310 Western Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Lindsay, Frederick, Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)-------1305 Millburn St., Toledo, O.
Lindsay, John O., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------2307 Westmar St., N. S., Pittsburg, Pa.
MacMullin, Robert B., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)-----154 W. 73rd St., New York, N. Y.
Mansur, Norman C., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o,d)-----Epping, N. H.
Markle, Robert E., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)---------Pennsboro, W. Va.
Martin, Ira A., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------R.R. No. 1, Drake, Ky.
Matheny, William G., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)------801 Maple St., Herrin, Ill.
McLaughlin, James F., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)-----12 Robinson St., Wilmington, Del.
Merlone, Eugene, Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------307 W. 39th St., New York, N. Y.
Meyerowitz, Leo., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------29 Salem St., Newark, N. J.
Myrtle, George D., Pvt. 1st Cl. (a)---------Algona, Wash.
Noel, Prosper L., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o,d)---------Greenbay, Wis.
Penick, Ercil V., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------4595 Jefferson St., Bellaire, O.
Pettefi, Oliver, Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------Hurley, Iron County, Wis.
Phelipow, William, Pvt. 1st Cl. (o,d)------1414 No. Ruby St., Chicago, Ill.
Phipps, Francis H., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)--------102 So. 6th Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Powers, Elmer J., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------1557 Sheeny St., Youngstown, O.
Pratt, Chas. H., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------505 Central St., East Bridgewater, Me.
Quammon, Leonard F., Pvt. 1st Co. (o)-----Lindsay, Mont.
Rothgeber, George F., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)-----Pipestone, Minn.

Sander, Jacob D., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------3323 Fairfield Ave., Cincinnati, O.
Shell, Jacob D., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------Bannock, Minn.
Shiflet, George A., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o,d)--------181 Walnut St., Hamilton, O.
Sieling, Edward H., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o,d)------3458 No. Whipple St., Chicago, Ill.
Spayde, James L., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------Belleville, O.
Stevens, Carl J., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------Pierre, S. D.
Stewart, John E., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------Wayzata, Minn.
Stockman, Edward J., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)------3132 Durrell Ave., Cincinnati, O.
Stockton, Bernard C., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)-----Kernersville, N. C.
Stone, Harry G., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------Medina, Mich.
Taggart, Frank, Pvt. 1st. Cl. (o)----------28 Besant Lane, Uniontown, Pa.
Taylor, Russel I., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o,d)--------1200 Bender Ave., Cleveland, O.
Wachter, John J., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)----------1420 Rush St., N. S., Pittsburg, Pa.
Wagner, William J., Pvt. 1st Cl. (o)--------212 Diebert St., Johnstown, Pa.
Waldo, Ralph E., Pvt. 1st Cl. (a)----------1417 E. 37th Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Walter, John C., Pvt. 1st Cl. (a)----------3515 Norton Ave., Everett, Wash.

Alterici, Louis, Pvt. (o,d)----------614 Washington Ave., Charleroi, Pa.
Archer, Arthur W., Pvt., (a)----------319 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.
Atkins, Clarence, Pvt. (o)----------5230 So. Homan St., Chicago, Ill.
Baines, Arthur S., Pvt. (o)----------El Verano, Cal.
Baker, Nolan W., Pvt. (o)----------858 Bennet St., Wilmington, Del.
Barbarian, Mikrand, Pvt. (a)----------49 Seymour Ave., Newark, N. J.
Barchanowicz, Charles, Pvt. (o)----------518 Vermont Ave., Glassport, Pa.
Bever, Charles F., Pvt. (a)----------827 Race St., Logansport, Ind.
Billings, Hezekiah, Pvt. (o)----------R.F.D. No. 3, Millington, Mich.
Bingham, Carleton R., Pvt. (o)----------434 Newton Pl. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Blackwell, Lee R., Pvt. (o)----------Tapoco, N. C.
Boccuzzi, Joseph James, Pvt. (a)----------744 Greenwich St., New York, N. Y.
Brackens, Clarence Henry, Pvt. (a)--------Wytheville, Va.
Brant, Lloyd, Pvt. (a)----------1630 Rosevelt Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Brown, Jesse, Pvt. (o)----------R.F.D. No. 2, Lebanon, O.
Brown, Lloyd L., Pvt. (o)----------R.F.D. No. 4, Jackson, Mich.
Brickey, Merle O., Pvt. (o,d)----------Stillson, Ia.
Brightman, James H., Pvt. (o,d) ----------Brewersville, Ind.
Burton, Samuel, Pvt. (o)----------Boswell, Ind.
Campbell, Carrington, Pvt. (o)----------Wellston, O.
Caroselli, Don, Pvt. (o)----------1212 Edgemont St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Castor, Samuel B., Pvt. (a)----------67 E. Clinton St., Noblesville, Ind.
Cheek, Benjamin R., Pvt (o)----------R.R. No. 3, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Chichilos, Triandafilos, Pvt. (a)----------33 W. 7th St., Gary, Ind.
Civilett, Joseph H., Pvt. (o,d)----------140 Clinton Ave., Fredonia, N. Y.
Coen, Van H., Pvt. (o)----------49th St., Bellaire, O.
Corteal, Frank, Pvt. (a)----------R.F.D. No. 1, Box 85, Connelsville, Fayette Co., Pa.
Crawford, Newton W., Pvt. (a)----------Harrisburg, Tex.
Crotshin, Frank, Pvt. (o)----------Cashmere, W. Va.
Dalrymple, Clifford B., Pvt. (a)----------Jutland, N. J.
Diemer, Otto, Pvt. (o)----------57 So. Torrence St., Dayton, O.
Dlouhy, John C., Pvt. (o)----------3892 E. 43rd St., Cleveland O.
Dobish, John J., Pvt. (o)----------761 Hudson St., Forest City, Pa.
Domler, Clifford H., Pvt. (a)----------79 Providence St., Providence, R. I.
Donley, Homer A., Pvt. (a)----------St. Joe, Ind.
Doughty, George F., Pvt. (a)----------Oakdale, Tenn.

Durea, Edwin D., Pvt. (o,d) ----------1936 3rd Ave., Huntington, W. Va.
Dunn, Arthur F., Pvt. (o,d)----------11 Jefferson St., East Lynn, Mass.
Eden, Paul, Pvt. (o,x)----------Ashland, Neb.
Ellis, Stanley H., Pvt. (o)----------Jetto, Mich.
Elsey, Roger E. C., Pvt. (o)----------4355 Hunt Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Farr, Eddie D., Pvt. (a)----------Pyland, Miss.
Finelli, Dominico, Pvt. (a,d)----------U. S. A.
Fite, William A., Pvt. (a,d)----------U. S. A.
Fischer, John W., Pvt. (o,d)----------2205 W. Burnett St., Louisville, Ky.
Fitzgerald, Leo G., Pvt. (o)----------1915 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Fletcher, Forrest E., Pvt. (o)----------Salem, Ind.
Fletcher, Harold R., Pvt. (o)----------506 Pennsylvania Ave., South Bend, Ind.
Freyburger, Herman M., Pvt. (o)----------Blevins, Ark.
Frost, Elmer J., Pvt. (o)----------414½ Broadway, Seattle, Wash.
Gill, Allen G., Pvt. (o)----------338 Walnut St., Statesville, N. C.
Gilbertson, Charles E., Pvt. (o)----------Plano, Ill.
Gooch, William G., Pvt. (o)----------Barlow, Ky.
Gourdin, Theodore T., Pvt. (o)----------4527 Carthage Pike, St. Bernard, O.
Gray, Leslie, Pvt. (o)----------McFall, Mo.
Gregg, Orlando R., Pvt. (o)----------200 Main St., Irwin, Pa.
Griggsby, Jarret, Pvt. (o,x----------Ned, Ky.
Hall, Albert L., Pvt. (a)----------91 No. Swan St., Albany, N. Y.
Hall, Frank C., Pvt. (o,d)----------217 Railroad Ave., Cardington, O.
Hancock, Joseph R., Pvt. (a)----------Atwater, Ill.
Harberson, Wm. H., Pvt. (o)----------Lumberton, N. Mex.
Henry, Murray, G., Pvt. (a)----------528 Walnut St., Hollidaysburg, Blair Co., Pa.
Heller, Richard D., Pvt. (a)----------R.F.D. No. 1, Boise, Idaho
Holder, Glenn U., Pvt. (o,d)----------Pennsboro, W. Va.
Hoover, Charles, Pvt. (o,d)----------Box 412, Uniontown, Pa.
Howard, Benjamin E., Pvt. (o,d)----------2831 Winchester St., Baltimore, Md.
Hurdle, Harry, Pvt. (o,d)----------1211 Public St., Cincinnati, O.
Hyett, Roland, Pvt. (o)----------Gibsonia, Pa.
Jacobs, Claude E., Pvt. (o,d)----------655 W. 62nd St., Chicago, Ill.
Jenkinson, Roy A., Pvt. (o,d)----------9th St., Hoquiam, Wash.
Johnson, Charles G., Pvt. (o,d)----------24 Pierpont Ave., Potsdam, N. Y.
Joyce, John R., Pvt. (o,d)----------250 N. 56th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Keith, Herbert A., Pvt. (o)----------606 S. Buckeye St., Iola, Kans.
Kepler, Edward L., Pvt. (o)----------Fairmount, Ind.
Kerns, Edward J., Pvt. (o)----------Clio, Mich.
Ketzler, Cecil L., Pvt. (o)----------1746 N. Lawrence St., Wichita, Kans.
Kirshner, Erhart, Pvt. (o)----------108 Luella Ave., Charleroi, Pa.
Kozloski, Stanley, Pvt. (o)----------2071 Oakley Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Kroog, Aaron, Pvt. (a,d)----------U. S. A.
Lalone, Ralph, Pvt. (a,d)----------U. S. A.
Lanehart, Walter M., Pvt. (o)----------137 E. Adams Ave., Detroit, Mich.
LeClair, Leo, Pvt. (o) ----------625 E. 1st St., Des Moines, Ia.
Legge, Henry W., Pvt. (o)----------R.F.D. No. 2, Dagmar, Mont.
Levison, Aaron, Pvt. (o)----------Tottenville, Staten Island, N. Y.
Llewellyn, Richard, Jr., Pvt. (a)----------Vandling, Pa.
Logan, Frank F., Pvt. (a)----------137 Essex St., Jersey City, N. J.
Logan, Roy J., Pvt. (o)----------Eldred, Ill.
Lorigan, John F., Pvt. (o)----------411 Linnaeus St., Cincinnati, O.
Luke, Cecil L., Pvt. (o)----------Bethel, O.

Lynch, Edward J., Pvt. (o)----------Waucoma, Ia.
Lytton, Amos H., Pvt. (a)----------c/o Mrs. J. H. Bernardin, Hotel Donora, Donora, Pa.
MacNamara, Leo W., Pvt. (o)----------5816 Cedarhurst St., West Philadelphia, Pa.
Maeding, Jack, Pvt. (o,d)----------R.F.D. No. 1, Box 55, Needville, Tex.
Maksimowicz, John, Pvt. (a)----------7 Bay St., Jersey City, N. J.
Malecki, Frank J., Pvt. (o)----------3873 E. 57th St., Cleveland, O.
Manette, John M., Pvt. (a,d)----------U. S. A.
Manchester, William G., Pvt. (a)----------121 Wadsworth Ave., Providence, R. I.
Marks, Albert, Pvt., (o)----------423 Saratoga Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Marx, Nicholas, Jr., Pvt. (o,d)----------1706 Logan St., Cincinnati, O.
May, Edward C., Pvt. (o,d)----------134 Oakland Ave., Mathuen, Mass.
Mayne, Robert M., Pvt. (o,d)----------R.F.D. No. 3, Huntington, Ind.
McAmdiless, Frank C., Pvt. (o)----------5400 Compton St., Los Angeles, Cal.
McCartney, Lewis E., Pvt. (a)----------Glenwillard, Pa.
McKay, John, Pvt. (o)----------915 Polk St., San Francisco, Cal.
McLaughlin, Edward F., Pvt. (a)----------1606 Scott St., San Francisco, Cal.
McManus, George F., Pvt. (o)----------2435 Westmar St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
McManus, James F., Pvt. (o)----------15 Cowan St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
McNamara, John D., Pvt. (o)----------1632 Island Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miller, Earl, Pvt. (o)----------Red Key, Ind.
Miller, John G., Pvt. (o)----------29th and Lexington Ave., Ashland, Ky.
Miller, Paul W., Pvt. (o)----------810 McCandless Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Morse, Floyd I., Pvt. (o)----------Coopersville, Mich.
Moschgat, Emil C., Pvt. (o)----------325 Cliff St., Johnstown, Pa.
Mowery, Lawrence A., Pvt. (o)----------R.F.D. No. 1, Jeffersonville, O.
Moynier, Louis, Pvt. (o)----------R.F.D. No. 4, Box 10, Bakersfield, Cal.
Murphy, James A., Pvt. (o)----------709 Latrobe St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Mohn, Newton C., Pvt. (a,d)----------U. S. A.
Montgomery, Pearl E., Pvt. (a,d)----------U. S. A.
Nardiello, Manuel V., Pvt. (o,x)----------36 Burton St., Waterbury, Conn.
O'Brien, Howard C., Pvt. (o)----------Deer Creek, Ill.
O'Neill, John F., Pvt. (o)----------Morrisdale, Pa.
O'Neil, Roland, Pvt. (o)----------R.F.D. No. 2, Star City, Ind.
Orrison, Arthur N., Pvt. (o)----------1519 A St. N. E., Washington, D. C.
Owen, Arthur G., Pvt. (a)----------R.F.D. No. 2, Floydada, Tex.
Palen, Howard J., Pvt. (o,d)----------Niobrora, Neb.
Patterson, James T., Pvt. (o)----------2717 Cedar St., Louisville, Ky.
Parry, William V., Pvt. (a)----------1348 W. 8th St., Topeka, Kan.
Paine, Claud L., Pvt. (o)----------Bona, Col.
Pennington, Yates, Pvt. (o,d)----------20 W. Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Pruette, Otto P., Pvt. (o,x)----------Mount Hope, W. Va.
Plunkett, Thomas B., Pvt. (a,d)----------U. S. A.
Rainey, Maurice, Pvt. (o,d)----------725 4th St. N. E., Washington, D. C.
Reed, Wilmer L., Pvt. (o)----------238 Cranbury Ave., Harrisburg, Pa.
Reichard, Albert H., Pvt. (o)----------2332 John St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Reim, Frederick R., Pvt. (o)----------126 Kehr St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Reyman, Charles W., Pvt. (o)----------Salem, Ind.
Reynolds, Thomas J., Pvt. (o)----------863 Cornelia Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Romyer, John M., Pvt. (a)----------Box 31, Yorkville, O.
Rolands, Emrys, Pvt. (o)----------8 Abbot St., Plains, Pa.
Rude, Velde R., Pvt. (a)----------2612 Champagne Ave., Mattoon, Ill.
Rudy, Aaron H., Pvt. (o)----------Henderson, Ky.
Ruikka, Julius A., Pvt. (o)----------Aurora, Minn.

Rusiski, William F., Pvt. (o)----------2040 Gladstone St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rust, Marvin C., Pvt. (o,x)----------R.F.D. No. 1, Barlow, Ky.
Salerno, Guiseppe, Pvt. (a)----------429 Monmouth St., Jersey City, N. J.
Smith, Daniel, Pvt. (o)----------Blevins, Ark.
Smith, Merwyn H., Pvt. (a)----------142 S. Cherry St., Easton, Pa.
Souci, Wayne E., Pvt. (o)----------295 W. Main St., Battle Creek, Mich.
Spasiano, Augustine, Pvt. (a)----------34 Marion St., Ravenswood, L. I. City, N. Y.
Sprick, Henry C., Pvt. (a)----------Titonka, Ia.
Sterner, Floyd W., Pvt. (o)----------11 No. 4th St., Pastime Arcade, Easton, Pa.
Stith, Albert R., Pvt. (o)----------Sunman, Ind.
Stonehouse, George G., Pvt. (a)----------Kingsford, Saskatchewan, Canada.
Straub, Albert J., Pvt. (o)----------223 E. Junction St., Paragould, Ark.
Suttle, Walter A., Pvt. (o,d)----------1407 26th St., Meridian, Miss.
Sweet, Edward R., Pvt. (o)----------6624 Apple Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Tetman, Walter L., Pvt. (o)----------R.F.D. No. 10, Dayton, O.
Tennant, Walter J., Pvt. (a,d)----------U. S. A.
Thompson, Albert, Pvt. (a)----------700 Haskett, Dayton, O., c/o Miss Ida Bennett.
Thorp, Joseph V., Pvt. (o)----------Box 143, Van Alstyne, Tex.
Tieman, Harold, Pvt. (a)----------Route No. 3, Decatur, Ind.
Timberlake, Robert L., Pvt. (o)----------4169 Noble St., Bellaire, O.
Tisdale, George W., Pvt. (o)----------Fullerton, Ky.
Tucker, Floyd S., Pvt. (o)----------Creston, Ia.
Walters, Frank J., Pvt. (o)----------Granville, Ill.
Ward, Louis A., Pvt. (o)----------333 Melrose Ave., Toledo, O.
Wegis, Anthony, Pvt. (o,d)----------21 Chestnut St., Ridgefield Park, N. J.
Wehausen, Henry, Pvt. (o)----------1247 I St., N. E., Washington, D. C.
Welch, Lee H., Pvt. (o)----------512 Stickney Ave., Toledo, O.
Wells, Archie, Pvt. (o)----------802 York St., Louisville, Ky.
White, Peter E., Pvt. (a)----------Missoula, Mont.
Williams, John, Pvt. (o,d)----------R.R. No. 1, Scottsburg, Ind.
Williams, Vernon E., Pvt. (a)----------Glen Rock, Pa.
Wilson, Frederick J., Pvt. (o)----------Mingo Junction, O.
Wilson, William E., Pvt. (o)----------815 Walnut St., Connersville, Ind.
Wimer, John H., Pvt. (o)----------McKeen St., Zelienople, Butler Co., Pa.
Wognakowski, Anthony A., Pvt. (a)----------1531 Western Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Wood, Al., Pvt. (o)----------618 E. D St., Iron Mountain, Mich.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

H65 89

COMPANY E, FIRST GAS REGIMENT
February 6, 1919

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium O
Treatment Date: MAY
PreservationTechno
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRES
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA
(724) 779-2111

HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.
JUN 89
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 007 690 828 A